

THE
SCOURGE.

OCTOBER, 1815.

IMPERIAL MILLING.

IN selecting the following exquisite *jeu d'esprit* as the subject for our Caricature, we thought we could not do better than reprint it as an accompanying article. It originally appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, and is supposed to be from the same pen that produced the "Two-penny Post Bag," a volume of satirical effusions, which nothing of the present day can equal in felicity of diction, asperity of sentiment, and keenness of sarcasm. If report speak true, a certain personage felt so severely the sportive attacks upon him in that work, that a high and lucrative appointment, which had been conferred upon the author, was annulled, when he was known as the writer. Satire is always considered as deriving its chief strength and power to wound, from its truth; what a humiliating concession then was implied in the morbid sensibility which dictated that persecution. With respect to the following composition, whatever difference of opinion we may entertain as to the political doctrine it inculcates respecting "*foul* play in a late transaction," we are perfectly orthodox in considering it as one of the happiest effusions of occasional wit and humour which has appeared since the "Two Veterans," which was also published in the *Chronicle*, and proceeded, we believe, from the same ingenious satirist.

EPISTLE FROM TOM CRIBB TO BIG BEN,

Concerning some foul Play in a late Transaction.

WHAT! BEN, my big hero, is *this* thy renown?
 Is *this* the new go?—kick a man, when he's down!
 When the foe has knock'd under, to tread on him then—
 By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, BEN!
 “Foul! foul!” all the Lads of the Fancy exclaim—
 CHARLEY SHOCK is electrified—BELCHER spits flame—
 And MOLYNEUX—aye, even BLACKY cries “shame!”

Time was, when JOHN BULL little difference spied
 'Twixt the foe at his feet, and the friend at his side;
 When he found (such his humour in fighting and eating)
 His foe, like his beef-steak, the sweeter for beating!—
 But this comes, Master BEN, of your curst foreign notions,
 Your trinkets, wigs, thingumbobs, gold lace and lotions;
 Your Noyaus, Curacous, and the Devil knows what—
 (One swig of *Blue Ruin** is worth the whole lot!)
 Your great and small crosses—(my eyes, what a brood!
 A cross buttock from *me* would do some of them good!)
 Which have spoilt you, till hardly a drop, my old propoise,
 Of pure English claret is left in your *corpus*;
 And (as JIM says) the only one trick, good or bad,
 Of the Fancy you're up to, is *fibbing*, my lad!
 Hence it comes—BOXIANA, disgrace to thy page!—
 Having *floor'd*, by good luck, the first *swell* of the age,
 Having conquer'd the *prime one*, that *mill'd* us all round,
 You kick'd him, old BEN, as he gasp'd on the ground!
 Aye—just at the time to show spunk, if you'd got any—
 Kick'd him, and jaw'd him, and *lag'd*† him to Botany!

* Gin.

† Transported.

Oh shade of the Cheese-monger !†—you, who, alas !
Doubled up, by the dozen, those Mounseers in brass,
On that great day of milling, when blood lay in lakes,
When Kings held the bottle, and Europe the stakes,
Look down upon BEN—see him, dunghill all o'er,
Insult the fall'n foe, that can harm him no more!—
Out, cowardly *spooney* !—again and again,
By the fist of my Father, I blush for thee, BEN.
To *shew the white feather*§ is many men's doom,
But, what of *one* feather ? BEN shows a whole PLUME !

A SELECT LIBRARY BY THE MOST APPROVED
AUTHORS.

SIR,

IN the course of the ensuing winter I intend bringing to the hammer the following valuable works, written by persons of known and peculiar qualifications, for each production. If you will have the goodness to insert the catalogue in the next number of your publication, it may be the means of exciting public attention, and promoting the professional interests of Sir,

Your obedient servant,

RICHARD VOLUBLE.

Commercial Mart, September, 1815.

A Map of the Roads leading to Newgate, with a View of the New Drop, and several Landscapes in New South Wales. By Jew K—g.

The Practice of Bagnios, Night Houses, and Pastry Cooks' Shops, with the most remarkable methods now in practice of debauching innocence. By the E. of B—e, an eminent Chicken Butcher.

† A Life Guardsman, one of the Fancy, who distinguished himself, and was killed in a late memorable *set-to*.

§ Exhibit symptoms of terror.

Revelation, a Romance. By W. B—n.

A New Way to pay Old Debts. By the P. R—t, and the Right Hon. B. Sh—d—n.

Jargon *versus* Common Sense. By Counsellor O'C—n—ell.

The Beauties of the Holy Inquisition, or the Art of Converting Heretics. By Ferdinand VII.

Farewell to London, a Ballad. By the Hon. Cochrane J—n—ne.

The Duties of City Officers explained, after a new Manner. By Sir R. Phillips.

Every Man his own Broker. A valuable and unique work, compiled by the present Ministry.

De Oratore, or the Art of Speaking on all Subjects, without understanding any. By the Common Council of the City of London.

The Life of Diogenes. By Dr. Parr.

The New Court Register, containing an exact List of all the public and private *Levees*, *Juntos*, and political *Tete-a-tetes*, when and where kept, for the Use of the Prince's Friends. By Col. M'M—n.

The Whole Duty of Woman. By the M—ss of H—d.

The Register Office—a Farce. By Messenger Bell.

The Gamester. By the Hon. T—y Long Pole W—y.

She Would if she could. By Lady D—s.

The Careless Husband. By the P. R—t.

The Miser. By her M—y.

The Wanton Wife, a Comedy. By Lady F. W—b—r.

In addition to the above curious articles, I have also a very capital collection of Paintings, by modern artists, which will be sold at the same time. Among them are the following—

A Battle-Piece, *unfinished*. By Sir J. M—r—y.

A Persian, worshipping the Rising Sun. By Lord C—st—gh.

An Old Apple Woman. By Hiley Addington.

Balaam's Ass. By the Prime M—s—ter.

Hymen weeping over an Urn. By the Pr^{ince}—ss of W^{ales}
A full-length of Machiavel. By Prince Talleyrand.
Honesty the Best Policy, a highly finished Piece. By
the late Samuel Whitbread, Esq.

Demosthenes picking up Pebbles. By Alderman
Harvey C—be.

Guy Faux, laying a train to blow up the Parliament
House. By Sir F. B—r—t, and Major Ca—t—ght.

The Prodigal Son. By the P— R—t.

Infernals Revelling: Scene, the interior of Ca—leton
H—e. By Alley Croker.

Narcissus contemplating his own Beauty. By the
Hon. Mr. Ske—f—ngton.

A Miraculous Preservation from starving in a Garret.
By several Hands.

A Vestal Sacrifice. By Miss T—y L—g.

A Miser in Chiaro Oscuro. By the Lord Ch—ll—r.

A Pig Sty. By Lord S—n—pe.

The Progress of Ingratitude, a capital Piece. By Lord
C—ch—ne.

A Poet in Despair, copied from the Life. By Lord
Th—l—ow.

A Jesuit, in the Character of a Member of Parliament.
By the Right Honorable George C—nn—ng.

A Priest of Apollo, speaking through a Wooden Ora-
cle, at Delphos. By Earl G—y.

A PUZZLING QUESTION.

SIR,

I SHOULD be very much obliged to you, or any of your
readers, if you can satisfactorily answer me upon the fol-
lowing point. Can an African Princess, with any pro-
priety, be deemed one of the fair sex?

Your humble servant,

TOBY SHORT.

To the Editor of the Scourge.

A POETICAL QUERY ANSWERED.

SIR,

A poetical correspondent has inquired, through the medium of a contemporary journal, if any reader can point out a word in the English language rhyming to silver. For the sake of the poem, which is, doubtless, at a stand for want of the rhyme in question, I sincerely regret that it is out of my power to accommodate the author in the manner he particularly specifies. Still I would not, by any means, have him discourage. In spite of the lampoons of the Anti-jacobin, and the songs of poor Rogers, and others, attempting to ridicule the poets of Germany, and Voss, among the rest, who merely imitated Homer, in dividing a word at the close of one, and the commencement of another line, in his translation of the Iliad and Odyssey, I beg leave to refer him to the Grecian bard at once, and under the sanction of so bright an example, call his attention to the following epitaph, which, if it may not appear to him altogether deserving of the reward given, according to report, for a couplet matching a rhyme to porringer, may perhaps gain the object here intended, a smile, by reminding him of Liston in Tom Thumb.

ON THE REV. MR. SILVER,

Whose Death was occasioned by eating Mushrooms stewed in a Copper Vessel.

Expiring on the bed of death lay honest Parson Silver,
When thus (his former youth and health in mind) the sage
himself exprest,
“Nor sickness, malady, nor pain I’ve felt or suffer’d, till ver-”
“digrease”—he would have said—“assail’d,” but Death cut
off the rest!

FERDINAND FARQUHAR.

Chapter Coffee House, 1815.

THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.—No. IV.

MR. BANNISTER.

A SERIES of living theatrical portraits, which commenced before this respected ornament of the British stage retired from it, might justly be considered as incomplete if no attempt were made to trace his resemblance. It is true, he no longer performs, but he still lives; and the remembrance of his talents still lives also in the minds of those who scarcely expect to find his loss compensated.

Mr. Bannister commenced his career under highly-favorable auspices. Garrick was his friend, his patron, and instructor. It is remarkable, however, that for some years he confined himself to tragedy, and if we are not mistaken, his first appearance upon the stage was in the character of Hamlet. How he afterwards came to abandon Melpomene for the gay Thalia, is not exactly known; perhaps some friend whispered to him that his comic powers were greater than his tragic; or perhaps a lucky accident, or his own reflection, suggested the fortunate truth. Certainly had he continued to woo the severe and solemn favours of the tragic muse, the admirers of genuine comedy would have lost many hours of exquisite pleasure, and himself, very likely, his present independence, the honourable reward of talent and integrity, for we doubt whether he would have risen so high in professional eminence.

The great charm of Bannister's acting consisted in his observance of Shakspeare's precept. He never "o'erstepp'd the modesty of nature." He did not seek to provoke laughter by grimace, or any grotesque contortions of body. His humour was like the humour of Moliere or Congreve; it flowed from the character, and was not incongruously superinduced upon it. In reading the dramas of those writers, we are delighted with their wit, because it is mostly bestowed upon such persons only as may be

supposed to employ it. They devised the character, and then gave it language and sentiments which were suitable, instead of ostentatiously pouring forth their stores, without any regard to nature, or the semblance of reality.

Of a similar description was the humour of Bannister. We find in actors, as in dramatic writers, men who make you laugh, not because they observe, but because they violate nature. A performance may be eminently ludicrous from the number of incongruities blended in it: but it may be as eminently a deviation from nature, and then it is not acting, but buffoonery. If Liston were to play Hamlet, or Mathews Macbeth, or Munden Romeo, few probably could witness the performance without immoderate laughter: but who would venture to say, that those characters were correctly delineated? To create a laugh, therefore, is not the infallible criterion of comic genius, in the proper acceptation of the term. Even in characters that are essentially comic, the laughter excited by their representation is often produced by the actor, who mistakes the part, and substitutes his own power of ridiculous personation for that which ought to be elicited by the scope and meaning of the author. This radical misconception, or wilful exaggeration of a character, is often regarded as the evidence of great comic talent; but, however amusing it may be, and however irresistible in its appeal to our risible faculties, it is only a proof that the actor is capable of becoming a merry buffoon, and utterly incapable of transfusing himself into his part. It is the same in tragedy as in comedy. Attitudes, starts, and cadences, may be very fine, abstractedly considered; but if they are introduced where they ought not, if they be blended with characters and situations where they are obviously unnatural, they must be regarded as blemishes, and condemned upon every principle of sound taste.

No actor that ever trod the stage within our remem-

brance excelled Bannister in his studious abstinence from all such faults. If he has been equalled it is only by Dowton, who never offends by extravagance. Hence the reason why Bannister was always unsuccessful when he performed a particular class of characters, (such as Caleb Quot'em, Dr. Pangloss, Ollapod, &c.) which were written expressly to display the peculiar talents of a very agreeable and meritorious performer. We have seen him attempt those characters, but he never pleased us, because his acting was too good for them. They were mere compounds of fanciful absurdity and unnatural wildness. They were not characters of living manners. In the whole range of society, no man ever encountered a Pangloss, or an Ollapod. Where then was Bannister to look for his model? Human life would not present him with one, and he could not seek for it beyond the precincts of humanity. They were like the monstrous fictions of Fuseli's pencil, at which the spectator gazes with astonishment, and wonders why they are habited like men and women.

But though Bannister could not dive so deep for eccentricity, he could ascend high in his search after nature. In whatever he performed he consulted her dictates. He did not consider how he was to make his audience laugh, but when he was to do it. His first care was to reflect what his author intended; his second, to embody that intention. He resorted to no tricks of gesture or grimace as the substitute for legitimate humour. A character in his hands was a transcript of real life; and, *mutato nomine*, you might find a Bannister in every street.

Nor was it only in characters of genuine comedy that he excelled. In those which demanded pathos and sensibility he was equally excellent. He excited the sympathy of his auditors by a different process from that of the tragedian, for his appeal was not strengthened by those lugubrious adjuncts which give efficacy to the representations of tragedy. The pall, the dagger, and the

cup, the solemn look, the stately march, and the measured tone of declamation, were all omitted, and yet he reached the heart as effectually as a Siddons or O'Neill. Whoever has seen him in *Walter* and *Captain Storm*, (to mention no other characters,) must acknowledge this. His power over the feelings was secured by a sort of manly, honest, and benevolent tenderness, which touched us the more because it seemed just that sort of tenderness which the familiar scenes of life so frequently present. Heroes and kings mourn, and weep, for objects which cannot often come within the contemplation of ordinary men, and our affections are less easily roused for their sufferings: but when we see the humanity and generosity of Walter pleading for innocence, or the valour of Storm defending virtue, we feel that if we were placed in a similar situation we should act just the same. So natural, and so unaffected was the acting of Bannister, in characters of this kind, that he almost inspired sentiments of reverence.

There is one class of characters which, now that Bannister has retired, will be long, we fear, without an adequate representative. We allude to naval ones. In the personation of a sailor he was unrivalled. He gave to the imitation of a British tar those qualities which may be considered as peculiarly belonging to it, a rough, frank, careless, gay, and unsophisticated manner. To see him in Congreve's Ben, (which, by the bye, is very far from being successfully drawn,) was to be transported to the quarter-deck of a man of war. The fidelity of his resemblance consisted in avoiding those features which other actors commonly introduce, when they make a sailor merely a blustering, straddling, and swaggering bully.

Such, indeed, and so various were the merits of this performer, that in retiring from the stage he has left a chasm which no successor has yet supplied. He formed himself upon no model. He has left no imitator. He had the rare felicity of enjoying public approbation and

private esteem ; and now that he has surrendered himself to the placid enjoyments of domestic life, he may feel the conscious happiness of reflecting, that during a long career he contributed, by his example, to rescue the profession of an actor from that disrepute and degradation which the vices and follies of so many have concurred to produce.

MR. ELLISTON.

" Perfection's top with weary toil and pain
'Tis genius only that can hope to gain.
The player's profession (tho' I hate the phrase,
'Tis so mechanic in these modern days,)
Lies not in trick, or attitude, or start ;
Nature's true knowledge is his only art.
The strong-felt passion bolts into the face ;
The mind untouch'd, what is it but grimace ?
To this one standard make your just appeal,
Here lies the golden secret ; learn to FEEL.
Or fool, or monarch, happy, or distrest,
No actor pleases that is not *possess'd*."

LLOYD.

Few performers have entertained a higher opinion of their own merits than Mr. Elliston ; and as modesty is generally the companion of genius, it is not surprising that he should have a very different one entertained of him by others. It is impossible to see him act without fancying that every look, every step, every action, is meant to say, " Is not this very fine ?" There is a visible egotism in all his motions, and whether he darts a self-satisfied glance into the side-boxes, or condescends to read applause and wonder in the pit, he is still the same theatrical Narcissus, deeply enamoured of himself, and quite satisfied that every one else is likewise.

Mr. Elliston has been spoiled by prosperity. Placed, by his private fortune, above the necessity of resorting to the stage as a maintenance, he regarded its duties as an amusement rather than a task, and imagined that when he played he was to be considered as one whom the irresistible im-

pulse of genius rather than the dictates of convenience, had driven upon the stage. Hence, when he is applauded, he receives it as a right; when he is not, he considers the omission as a lamentable proof of deficiency of taste and judgment. He may have been betrayed into this notion, partly, perhaps, from the incense which some critics (we do not say they were vena, though Mr. Elliston had money to pay them,) lavished upon him when he first appeared at the Haymarket theatre. The *Monthly Mirror* was then a popular theatrical work; and surely neither Betterton, nor Garrick, was ever so bepraised as Elliston by that miscellany. There is no perfection of acting which nature or art can bestow, which the critic did not find in Mr. Elliston; and we suppose, whatever the critic found, Mr. Elliston claimed for his own. Sober judges stared as they read those eulogies, and tried to find the merits which they celebrated; while those who had not seen the actor, hastened to gratify their anticipating hopes. They beheld, and were astonished.

A few years, however, soon determined the station which Mr. Elliston was to take in the theatrical world. A factitious popularity may be maintained for a while by artifice, but permanent celebrity can be secured only by genius. We have known many actors as well as authors, and artists, who, by the aid of diurnal criticism, and the zealous efforts of private friends, to win proselytes, have for a time walked through their course with applause and admiration: but then their declension has generally been as sudden as their elevation. One of this class we still think Mr. Kean to be, and feel quite assured that the time is not far distant when he will be considered as a performer, successful in certain parts of characters, but totally deficient in the aggregate of those qualities which compose a great actor.

It was some time before Mr. Elliston believed that he was not a tragedian, and he continued most perseveringly

to burlesque the characters of Hamlet, Macbeth, and Othello. We suspect, the first thing that awakened doubts in his mind was his personation of those characters at the Surrey Theatre. He found, to his great surprise, that he acted tragedy for that house so naturally, that it could hardly be fit for Drury-lane. It is indeed only necessary to survey his face, his figure, and his action, to be satisfied that his conclusion was right. The inflexibility of the first, the square solidity of the second, and the exuberance of the third, added to a radical incapacity of conceiving the finer movements of human passion, plant an insuperable barrier between him and excellence.

While, however, we thus unequivocally pronounce our judgment respecting Mr. Elliston's qualifications for tragedy, we willingly allow that he has considerable comic powers, and that, in any thing, except tragedy, he is always pleasing, and often unrivalled. He infuses into his comedy great vivacity, animation, and energy, and sometimes discriminates characters with felicity. We have seen him in some parts, which the late Mr. Lewis used to play, and gave the decided preference to his representation. Benedict, for instance, was one of these; and some parts of Mercutio. Where a sentiment was to be delivered with an impressive earnestness of manner, there Mr. Elliston did better than Lewis, who used to murder such things with great barbarity. He has the talent also of imparting to his comedy a considerable portion of archness and dry sarcasm, which are peculiarly fascinating, because he always takes care to suit them well to the character or the occasion. In short, as a comedian, he never fails to please, for he is often original, and never farcical; but we hope we shall never again see him assume the buskin.

ON FASHIONABLE MORALS AND MANNERS.

TRIALS FOR CRIM. CON.

FEW topics afford greater scope for declamation with a certain race of crabbed, sour-faced, morose moralists, than the growing profligacy, and daily increasing degeneracy of the age. To hear the incessant lamentations of these modern Jeremiahs, one would imagine that the world was approaching rapidly to the very *acme*, and *ne plus ultra* of wickedness, and that the sinners of former times were absolute saints, compared with the hardened and incorrigible delinquents of the present day.

The frequency of actions for criminal conversation in our courts of justice, has been brought forward, among other arguments, in proof of the alledged increasing depravity of manners. But how far does this argument apply? Does it prove that adultery is more common in the nineteenth century than it was in former ages? or rather, that more publicity, more *eclat* and notoriety, are attached to the fact?

To judge from the following song, which was in current vogue at the time of Francis I. who succeeded to the throne of France nearly with the commencement of the sixteenth century, conjugal infidelity does not appear to have been an offence of rare and unfrequent occurrence:

*“Quand viendra la saison,
Que les cocus s'assembleront ;
Le mien ira devant, qui portera la bannière,
Les autres suiveront après, le vôtre sera au derrière,
La procession en sera grande,
L'on y verra une très belle bande.”

* When the season arrives, as the days o'er us pass,
For the cuckolds to meet, and assemble *en masse*,
My husband in front, with the flag shall appear,
A long train shall follow, and yours close the rear :
What a noble procession our streets then will boast!
And how numero us the ranks of the *hornified* host !

And a certain facetious French author, who wrote in the reign of Henry III. and fell by the hand of an assassin in 1588, assures us, that were all the *cornutos* of his day, with their frail spouses, to join hands and form a circle, it would nearly go round the globe.

On this subject I well recollect the observation made by an intelligent French officer in Paris. The conversation hingeing on a certain action for crim. con. in high life, in which the damages were laid at the enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds, one of the company, a demure looking elderly gentleman, took occasion to launch out into a most piteous lamentation at the alarming progress of immorality in the present degenerate day. Conjugal infidelity, of course, formed a leading topic in his theme; and it grieved him beyond expression to be forced to acknowledge, that of late Great Britain had even surpassed France in wickedness in this respect.—“You rather mean to say,” interrupted a French officer, who spoke English with much fluency, and seemed well versed in our habits and manners, “that actions and public trials for conjugal infidelity are more frequent in England than in France?”—“And how, Sir, do you account for this?” demanded my elderly gentleman. “For the same reason,” replied the French officer, “that accidents by fire are more frequent in London than in Paris.”—“I understand you,” rejoined the other, “we employ more wood in the construction of our houses in London than you do in Paris—our floors are always boarded, whereas with you they are most commonly of brick or tile.”—“Pardon me, Sir,” replied the officer, “that is not my meaning; the reason why we have fewer accidents by fire in Paris than occur with you in London, is because in Paris we have no offices of insurance from fire.”—“And pray, how does this apply to the point in question?”—“By parity of reasoning,” rejoined the Frenchman; “if you received no indemnity, no damages at law, your courts would be little occupied with actions for

crim. con." This unexpected sally excited a general laugh among the company, with the exception of the elderly gentleman, whose pious bewailings and lamentations had given rise to it. His confusion and embarrassment, however, sufficiently showed, that he felt the full weight and justice of the remark.

This self-same practice of a husband having recourse to a judicial tribunal in England, and bringing an action for damages against the debaucher of his wife, and the violater of his bed, has frequently been made the theme of ridicule, and much pointed satire on the French stage. In the comic entertainment of *The Wife and two Husbands*, (*La Femme à deux Maris*) which the writer of this article saw acted at the Theatre Feydeau at Paris last summer, the following palpable hit at the manners and usages of this country is introduced :

Le Drole, a gay, thoughtless, but opulent old bachelor, is inveigled into an intrigue by an artful woman. He makes the usual protestations of a violent passion; the lady seems to yield, when at the very moment that he expects to be made happy by the possession of her charms, the husband makes his appearance, and extorts a hundred marks from the disappointed lover for the insult offered to his wife. In the sequel, *Le Drole* discovers this adventure to be a plot preconcerted by the husband (*Coquin*,) and his wife against him to get hold of his money. He accordingly appeals to the Count of *Gleichen*, to whom *Coquin* is a vassal, for redress. The following is the passage alluded to.

Le Drole. Justice, my Lord Count—justice against your vassal, as I understand he is. By an infamous trick he has defrauded me of a hundred marks, and gives me blows in exchange—mark for mark, I fear.

Count. How is this?

Coquin. My Lord, the complainant made an attempt upon the honour of my wife, and I took damages for the insult, as well as for the fright into which he put her.

Count. Took damages, you say, for an attack upon the

honour of your wife? What, compromise your honour for money? Shame upon thee, coward! thou a soldier! thou dost not deserve to wear a sword.

Coquin. Nay, my lord, had he actually wronged me, and debauched my wife, there are laws, which would have allowed me damages, and I could name a people that would have applauded my conduct.

Count. Shame on that law, that can teach a man to be content with the wages of infamy! Art thou not a soldier? Dost thou not wear a sword? Shame upon you, base cowardly rascal; refund the money you have received immediately, and pass a month on bread and water in prison."

The allusion here conveyed is obvious enough: and though we should be sorry to believe that all actions for damages in trials for crim. con. are founded on base and dishonourable motives, it cannot be disguised, that cases have occurred in which the evidence, as well as the verdict returned by the jury, seem to countenance the justice of the reproof thrown out in the French play.

MODERN CHARACTERS.

SIR,

It has always been considered as the praise of great poets, that in their views of nature, whether moral or physical, they have seized upon those general and permanent features which continue to please because nature is in all ages alike. Among dramatic writers, Shakspeare stands proudly pre-eminent in the exercise of this faculty, for though Jonson, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford, and others, occasionally dip their pens in the living well of truth, yet it is Shakspeare alone who had the power of always doing it; and hence in reading his works we are delighted to find a principle of vitality in his characters which no changes of time have been able to destroy. His coward, his bully, his

hero, his lover, are as faithful copies of nature now as they were when he first produced them, because they were not sketched from the transitory and fluctuating manners of the day.

Next to him, in this scale of excellence, stands Jonson, who, though he consulted books more than life, has often, however, drawn from the latter with a vigorous and original pencil. He was fond of portraying characters in the abstract, rather than in action, and not unfrequently exhibited exquisite felicity in these paintings. His "Character of the Persons," prefixed to *Every Man out of his Humour*, are fine specimens; so pregnant with meaning, that to expand their attributes would furnish matter for a series of admirable essays.

Massinger is sometimes equal to Jonson, and sometimes inferior. He is equal when nature is his model, and only inferior when he attempts to blend her with fashion. Massinger excelled in judgment rather than in imagination. He seldom soared to those regions of fancy where Shakspeare rioted: but he saw clearly, and painted forcibly, the common and familiar operations of passion, a task the more difficult, because we are apt to neglect what is within our attainment, and hunt for that which is beyond it.

The writings of Beaumont and Fletcher have no exuberance of character. They paid more attention to intricacy of plot, and fertility of incident, than to profound surveys of nature. There is a high, romantic colouring in all their dramas, which is exceedingly delightful to the reader, who finds himself transported into new regions, and mingling in the concerns of beings different from himself. They equally plunge into extremes, whether they exhibit vice or virtue. In the former, we find such unnatural depravity as could not subsist under any form of social life; and in the latter such purity, honour, and dignity as no human being can display. We tolerate the one, however, because it is always pleasing to imagine

greater perfection than we possess; but the other disgusts, for there is turpitude enough in man without transgressing truth to accumulate fictitious immorality.

I shall conclude this letter by a practical illustration of the sentiments it contains, and in a way which will not, I apprehend, be unsuitable to the pages of the *Scourge*. The following adaptation of some of the characters by Shakspeare, Jonson, and Massinger, to living persons, will exemplify the general fidelity with which they are painted from nature.

MR. COBBETT.

This is some fellow
Who having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature; he cannot flatter, he!
An honest mind and plain—he must speak truth,
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in their plainness
Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Shakspeare.

BUONAPARTE.

O goddes! have thousandes bie mine anlace bledde;
And must I now for safetie flie awaie?
See! farre besprenged all our troupes are spreade,
Yette I will synglie dare the bloddie fraie.
But no: I'll flye, and morthier in retreate,
Deathe, bloode, and fyre, shall marke the goeynge of my
feete. *Ella.*

WHITBREAD.

He is of an ingenious and free spirit, eager and constant in reproof, without fear, controlling the world's abuses. One whom no servile hope of gain, or frosty apprehension of danger, can make to be a parasite, either to time, place, or opinion.

I fear no mood stamp'd in a private brow when I am pleased to unmask a public vice.

Jonson.

WELLINGTON.

If you love valour,
 As 'tis a kingly virtue, seek it out,
 Where it shines brightest. Look on Epire,
 A prince, in whom it is incorporate ;
 ————— had you seen him,
 How in one bloody scene he did discharge
 The parts of a commander and a soldier,
 Wise in direction, bold in execution,
 You would have said the world yields not his equal.
Massinger.

COUNSELLOR O'CONNELL.

O Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book. Shakspeare.

L——H H——T.

A public, scurrilous jester, that (more swift than Circe,) will transform any person into deformity. A neat, spruce, affecting fellow : his religion is railing, and his discourse ribaldry. They stand highest in respect whom he studies most to reproach.
Jonson.

SIR N. CO——.

I have seen a fool in the habit of a justice. Jonson.

D——SS OF C———D.

You my lords look on her, mark her well ; be but about
 To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and
 The justice of your hearts will thereto add
 ‘ *Tis a pity she's not honest, honourable :*
 Praise her but for this her without-door form,
 (Which on my faith deserves high speech) and straight
 The shrug, the hum, or ha ; these petty brands
 That calumny doth use :—O, I am out,
 That mercy does ; for calumny will sear
 Virtue itself ; these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
 When you have said she's goodly, come between,
 Ere you can say---she's honest. Shakspeare.

LADY M—RG—N.

(Late Miss Owenson.)

As I live, she hath
A philosophical aspect : there is
More wit than beauty in her face, and, when
I court her, it must be in tropes and figures,
Or she will cry, *absurd*. She will have her clenches
To cut off any fallacy I can hope
To put upon her, and expect I should
Ever conclude in syllogisms, and those true ones,
In parte et toto, or she'll tire me with
Her tedious elocutions in the praise
Of the increase of generation, for which
Alone the sport, in her morality,
Is good and lawful, and to be often practis'd
For fear of missing. *Massinger.*

COL. * * * *.

But you are
The squire of dames, devoted to the service
Of gamesome ladies, the hidden mystery
Discover'd, their close b——; thy slavish breath,
Fanning the fires of lust, the go-between
This female and that wanton sir ; your art
Can blind a jealous husband, and, disguised,
Convey a letter without suspicion.
You instruct 'em how
To parley with their eyes, and make the temple
A mart of looseness : to discover all
Thy subtle brokages, were to teach in public
Those private practices which ought, in justice,
Severely to be punished. *Massinger.*

BUONAPARTE (in *St. Helena*.)

Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Will not old custom make this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court ?

Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The season's difference ; as, the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind ;
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery ; these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.

Shakspeare.

THE POLITICAL PROPHET OF THE NORTH.

MR. EDITOR,

A VERY curious story respecting the Edinburgh Review is just now buzzing about, and respecting which you perhaps can give me some information. It is said that the publication of the last number was delayed by the following cause :—Sir James Mackintosh, whose political predictions, like those of Earl Grey, have the peculiar quality of always foretelling precisely those things which never come to pass, wrote an elaborate article, of about sixty pages, full of philosophical inquiry, and profound induction, to prove,

1. That Napoleon Buonaparte, in returning to the throne of France, was justified by the law of nations, and still more by the expediency of the enterprise.

2. That we had no right to interfere with the said resumption of imperial power, by the said Napoleon Buonaparte, which could not be considered in any way as affecting our rights, safety, or interests.

3. That Napoleon Buonaparte was so beloved by the French nation, that they would, to a man, rally round him, and make his cause their own.

4. That from the military resources of France, and still more from the military genius of Napoleon Buonaparte, it was morally certain he must succeed in subduing his opponents.

5. That the result of the league formed against Buonaparte would only be to confirm his power, exalt his cha-

racter still farther, and raise him to a higher pitch of glory and renown than he had attained from any of his preceding exploits.

6. That unless we made peace with Napoleon Buonaparte, the war would be interminable. It would be a war with the French people, whose enthusiasm for the Emperor was so great, that rather than suffer him to be discomfited, they would, as in the first years of the revolution, rush in countless myriads to the field, and beat down all resistance.

The whole of these propositions were enforced in the most plausible manner. They were absolutely demonstrated, as a series of inevitable consequences, and the sagacious writer already anticipated the fame he should acquire from having foreseen what nobody else could. The dissertation was printed, and on the eve of publication, when another publication appeared called the *Extraordinary Gazette*, which had a very curious effect upon the Northern Seer. These sybilline leaves contained a wonderful story, called the battle of Waterloo, which did not at all harmonize with the inferences of the perspicacious politician. It appeared that the Duke of Wellington, (to whom I suppose Sir James had neglected to communicate his essay, or his Grace would surely have been too polite to give him the lie so flatly,) had had an interview of some hours with Napoleon Buonaparte, which towards the conclusion became so unpleasant to the latter, that he took it in dudgeon, and immediately set off for Paris. There he staid a few days, but hearing that the Duke was hastening after him to solicit another conference, he departed for Rochefort, whence he embarked on board the *Bellerophon*, leaving behind him his crown, his sceptre, the love of the French nation, his augmented glory, and his consolidated power.

In this unpleasant dilemma, Sir James had no alternative but to record himself a fool, or suppress his prophecies. He preferred the latter, and in having the power

to prefer it, he possessed no small advantage over Earl Grey, whose forcible, elaborate, and profound denunciations in parliament remain an eternal monument of his lordship's wisdom. The article was accordingly cancelled, and some other provided to fill the chasm. Sir James hoped, no doubt, that his ridiculous adventure would never transpire; but it *has* transpired, and if I am not greatly misinformed the world will yet be astonished and delighted with his luminous lucubration.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Sept. 13.

Q. IN A CORNER.

MODERN POETS.—No. III.

WORDSWORTH.

“THOUGH the cant of hypocrites,” says Sterne, “may be worst, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting.” Among the favourite topics of lamentation and enquiry, which expand the pages of our literary journals, the absence of poetical genius forms one of the most obtrusive features, and presents a copious theme of fluent declamation, and ostentatious sensibility. It is contended that the English muse has sunk into a state of hopeless dotage, and that her mightiest efforts are not to be compared with the vigour and brilliance of the productions of elder times. Yet before an opinion so prevalent can be admitted, we must take much for granted which reason and experience assure us to be false. The natural presumption undoubtedly is, that a state of rudeness is a state of imperfection. But in order to accommodate our ideas to this antiquarian theory, we must assume as a principle not to be doubted, that an art will flourish most when least regarded, and attain its greatest excellence when the means of such excellence are most imperfect. Beauty of language, delicacy of sentiment, and general chastity of

style, cease to be regarded as indispensable qualities, while barbarism, obscenity, and a prevailing grossness, are held forth as constituting the most genial soil for poetical genius. Reason must yield its influence to the shackles of authority, and a few remarkable exceptions be permitted to overturn general rules, established upon the most plain and rational principles. The radical mistake in this maze of errors, consists in the ascription to circumstances of a moral and physical nature, of effects produced by an extraordinary chance or inspiration, or by peculiar institutions, which have suspended or altered the ordinary current of events. It is generally imagined that there exists in the ruder stages of society a principle peculiarly auspicious to the poetic spirit. The imagination, it is said, is more vivid because the understanding is then in a state of torpidity; mankind are more intimate with the works of nature; their pursuits are of a more noble and generous tendency; their faculties are more sensibly alive to the charms of melody, and from all these causes poetry is not only more animated and impressive, but cultivated with greater enthusiasm and success than when society and civilization have advanced. Yet if there be any justice in this opinion, it ought to be applicable to human nature, in every nation and country, and unless universally true, must be erroneous. Now, except the Celts and Scandinavians of the North, from whose eminence in poetry this idea of the ascendancy of the first ages has partly arisen, we are acquainted with no tribe in Europe which has been distinguished by any examples of poetical excellence. The superiority of the Celts and Scandinavians arose from the peculiar nature of their superstitions, which generated the greatest tenderness of feeling, and the most sublime enthusiasm. As soon as their superstitions departed, their poetical spirit vanished with them; but as society advanced, poetry improved in the same proportion. Originality of thought will indeed be found in great abundance among our early writers,

Because few thinkers existed before them; but allowing for this circumstance, they possessed few advantages over their successors, and their beauties are concealed and encumbered by a multitude of faults, originating from the rude character of the times in which they lived. Mere originality does not infer excellence, and when understood to designate the commencement of any art, rather pre-supposes the reverse. Excellence is the result of a variety of qualities, which are of tardy growth, which depend on the improvement of language, and arise out of the general advancements of society in knowledge and refinement. Individual instances have undoubtedly occurred of uncommon fruition at an early period; the coruscations of genius may dart a ray of splendor through the darkest period, but such phenomena as these bear no reference to a fixed principle, and only render the surrounding darkness more visible. Astronomy does not boast a more exalted name than Galileo, nor metaphysics a more conspicuous object of admiration than Bacon; yet it will not be pretended that the period at which either of these great philosophers flourished was the most auspicious to those branches of knowledge which they respectively adorned. The magic powers of Shakspeare and Milton are assuredly to be traced to some other source than the character of the age in which they lived. Their contemporaries were incompetent to admire and appreciate their merits: they came forth a century too soon: and the present, which excels all preceding ages in a just taste and enthusiasm for these great poets, is truly and substantially the age of Shakspeare and Milton.

There is nothing in the circumstances of modern society, considering the rapid progress of language to perfection, the ample stores of new materials which navigation and commerce have brought within the grasp of genius, and the style of thinking which philosophy has introduced—there is nothing in all these circumstances, but what should lead us to expect as great a display of

poetical genius in our own as in any former age. Modern poetry has no occasion to shrink from a competition with the brightest era of our elder history. There are two stars indeed which tower above all present competition; but as Greece could boast of a greater than Eschylus, of a Sophocles who combined equal sublimity with greater chastity and beauty, it is not without the bounds of probability that even a greater than Shakspeare may yet arise. The names of Massinger, Beaumont, and Fletcher, vanish before those of Murphy, Colman, Cumberland, and Sheridan. In lyric poetry what can elder times produce to compare with the effusions of Collins, Gray, and Penrose; or what in description that approaches to the effusions of Thomson, Cowper, Gisborne, Bloomfield, Scott, and Grahame? The didactic is a branch which depends so much for its excellence on the prevalence of a just philosophical spirit, that it requires but little merit to excel, in their peculiar branch of pursuit, the metaphysical poets of the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and the rest of the Stuarts. The name of Byron would alone immortalize the poetical character of the infancy of the nineteenth century, and Mr. Wordsworth, with all his faults, need not shrink from occasional comparison with the "mighty masters of divinest poesy." Substituting the placid and silent lake of Windermere for the far-resounding Aufidus, the boast of Horace, that his strains should escape oblivion notwithstanding the pre-eminence of former poets, might proceed from the lips of Mr. Wordsworth without subjecting him to the imputation of unworthy vanity:

Non si priores Mæonius tenet,
Sedes Homerus; Pindaricæ latent,
Cæque et Alcæi minaces
Stesichorique graves Camœnæ.

It is not the appearance therefore of the most undeniable and the most splendid excellence on the part of Mr. Wordsworth and his brethren that awakens our surprise and perplexes our enquiry, but the wilful and con-

sistent perverseness with which they condescend to ask the indulgence of the public, when its admiration is within their reach ; and wantonly neglect the peculiar and invaluable advantages of which the improvement in manners, the cultivation of taste, and the extension of knowledge, almost solicit the acceptance.

It might have been concluded *à priori*, that a concurrence of circumstances so propitious to the formation of cultivated taste, and so conducive to energy and correctness of judgment, would have obtained a decided influence over the poetical style of contemporary poets ; that individuals so enviably gifted with the highest powers of the mind, would have determined to keep pace with the age in which they lived, by studious compliance with the laws of fastidious criticism ; that, endowed with no mean portion of that genius which inspired the early masters of the art, they would have endeavoured to excel them in all the minor graces of composition ; in consistency of character, in harmony of verse, in the skilful construction of the fable, and in the sustained but simple eloquence of diction. But with a degree of perverseness, for which it is impossible to account, they voluntarily relinquish all the advantages they might so easily and yet so nobly obtain over their predecessors, and adopt a process the very reverse of that which would be taught by reason or by nature. They glory in the invention of a tame, insipid, or unintelligible story ; quaintness of description, exaggeration of imagery, the interspersions of laboured and miserable doggrel, amidst passages of exquisite harmony and sweetness, the continual alternation of thoughts that breathe and words that burn with the prattle of the nursery. These are the splendid triumphs over grammar, propriety, and common sense, to which they gladly sacrifice contemporary praise, and future immortality !

Among the masters of the modern school, whatever may be thought of its merits and defects, Mr. Words-

worth must be admitted to possess an immeasurable pre-eminence. In the power of poetical abstraction ; in that pure and sublime enthusiasm which soars beyond the realities of life, and contemplates, in ideal worlds, the loveliest forms of celestial innocence and beauty, he is perfectly unrivalled ; and when he returns to the contemplation of terrestrial nature, the drooping of a flower, the glistening of a dew-drop, or the humming of a bee, gives rise to the most enchanting, yet simple associations, which all may feel, but none but a poet could express. Nor were the efforts of Mr. Wordsworth less successful than they actually are, to extend the empire of the fancy, and to appeal to the sympathies of our nature, rather than our judgment, should we be inclined to scrutinize his labours with fastidious severity. It has become too prevalent in the present age of cold calculation and metaphysical enquiry, to regard the effusions of a poet with the same kind of feeling as would attend the examination of a system of logic : nothing is admitted that is not proved ; gratitude is no longer a virtue, because the individual who performs a kindness does so to gratify himself ; marriage is a mere political institution ; the female sex is only inferior to the male in political consideration, and this inferiority is a remnant of feudal barbarism. All the virtues, the sympathies, and the sensibilities of life, the evanescent and indescribable emotions which so powerfully contribute to the happiness of society, become the subjects of pretended analysis and illustration, to superficial philosophers, and itinerant lecturers on craniology. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we participate in the associations of a poet, who can sometimes forget the true in the contemplation of the fictitious, whose wildest dreams enchant the fancy, and whose most singular associations swell the soul with the raptures of enthusiasm.

The description of two huge peaks which, from some other vale, peered into that in which a solitary recluse is entertaining the poet and his companion, strikingly

elucidates the peculiar character of Mr. Wordsworth's genius.—“Those,” says their host,

“If here you dwelt, would be
 Your prized companions. Many are the notes,
 Which in his tuneful course the wind draws forth,
 From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, and dashing shores.
 And well those lofty brethren bear their part
 In the wild concert : chiefly when the storm
 Rides high : then all the upper air they fill
 With roaring sound, that ceases not to flow,
 Like smoke along the level of the blast
 In mighty current : theirs too is the song
 Of stream and head-long flood, that seldom fails ;
 And in the grim and breathless hour of noon,
 Methinks that I have heard them echo back
 The thunder's greeting. Nor have nature's laws
 Left them ungifted with a power to yield
 Music of finer frame : a harmony,
 So do I call it, though it be the hand
 Of silence, though there be no voice : the clouds,
 The mist, the shadows, light of golden suns,
 Motions of moonlight, all come thither, touch,
 And have an answer—thither come, and shape
 A language not unwelcome to sick hearts
 And idle spirits. There the sun himself,
 At the calm close of summer's longest day,
 Rests his substantial orb—between those heights,
 And on the top of either pinnacle,
 More keenly than elsewhere in night's blue vault,
 Sparkle the stars, as of their station proud.
 Thoughts are not busier in the mind of man
 Than the mute agents stirring there : alone
 Here do I sit and watch.”

Mr. Wordsworth discovers in almost every earthly object some emblem of immortality, something that reminds him of the beauty and the harmony of a better world. The following illustration cannot be read without emotions of the most delightful kind.

“ I have seen
 A curious child applying to his ear
 The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,
 To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
 Listened intensely, and his countenance soon
 Brightened with joy : for murmurings from within
 Were heard—sonorous cadences ; whereby,
 To his belief, the monitor expressed
 Mysterious union with its native sea.
 Even such a shell the universe itself
 Is to the ear of faith, and doth impart
 Authentic tidings of invisible things :
 Of ebb and flow, and ever during power ;
 And central peace, subsisting at the heart
 Of endless agitation.”

Nor can the subjoined verses fail to produce a powerful effect on the mind of the most prejudiced and insensible reader :

“ Thus having reached a bridge that over-arched
 The hasty rivulet, where it lay becalmed
 In a deep pool, by happy chance we saw
 A two-fold image : on a grassy bank,
 A snow-white ram, and in the crystal flood,
 Another and the same ! most beautiful !
 On the green turf, with his imperial front,
 Shaggy and bold, and wreathed horns superb,
 The breathing creature stood ; as beautiful
 Beneath him shewed his shadowy counterpart.
 Each had his glowing mountains, each his sky,
 And each seemed centre of his own fair world ;
 Antipodes unconscious of each other,
 Yet in partition with their several spheres,
 Blended in perfect stillness to our sight.”

We shall conclude these extracts by a description, which excepting the lines in italics, must equally satisfy the demands of the critic, and excite the feelings of the casual reader :

“ On a bright day, the brightest of the year,
 These mountains echoed with an unknown sound,

A volley thrice repeated o'er the corse,
 Let down into the hollow of that grave,
 Whose shelving sides are red with naked mould ;
 Ye rains of April ! duly wet this earth,
 Spare, burning sun of Midsummer, these sods,
 That they may knit together, and therewith
 Our thoughts unite in kindred quietness.
 Nor so the valley shall forget her loss.
 Dear youth ! by young and old alike beloved ;
To me as precious as my own ! Green herbs
 May creep (*I wish that they would softly creep*)
 Over thy last abode, and we may pass
 Reminded less *imperiously* of thee.

..... The mountain ash,
 Decked with autumnal berries, that outshine
 Spring's richest blossoms, yields a splendid show,
 Amid the leafy woods ; and ye have seen,
 By a brook side, or solitary barn,
 How she her station doth adorn ; the pool
 Glows at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
 Are brightened round her. In his native vale,
 Such and so *glorious* did this youth appear :
 A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts.
 By his ingenuous beauty, by the gleam
 Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,
 By all the graces with which nature's hand
 Had bounteously array'd him. As old bards
 Tell in their idle songs of wandering gods,
 Pan or Apollo, veiled in human form :
 Yet like the *sweet-breathed* violet of the shade,
 Discovered in their own despite, to sense
 Of mortals, (*if such fables without blame,*
 May find *chance-mention* on this sacred ground,)
 So through a simple rustic garb's disguise,
 And through the impediments of rural cares
 In him revealed, a scholar's genius shone.

..... If touched by him,
 The inglorious foot-ball mounted to the pitch
 Of the lark's flight ; or shaped a rainbow curve,
 Aloft, in prospect of the shouting field.

The indefatigable fox had learned
To dread his perseverance in the chase :
With admiration he could lift his eyes
To the wide-ruling eagle, and his hand
Was loth to assault the majesty he loved ;
Else had the strongest fastnesses proved weak
To guard the royal brood. The sailing glead,
The wheeling swallow, and the darting snipe,
The sportive sea-gull dancing with the waves,
And cautious waterfowl from distant climes,
Fix'd at their seat the centre of the Mere,
Were subject to young Oswald's steady aims."

It is not our intention to assert that the merits of Mr. Wordsworth by any means counterbalance the amount of his defects. We have endeavoured to describe his native character, rather than to enumerate his artificial and assumed peculiarities. On these it will be our unpleasing duty to expatiate at a future opportunity : confessing, in the mean time, with a reluctance proportionate to our admiration of his talents, that his faults are usually systematic, and his beauties incidental.

C.

ON MORTUARY INSCRIPTIONS.

SIR,

IF there be any condition of mortality which might seem to exclude all levity and trifling, it is surely that which dissevers us from this life, and transfers our hopes and fears to a future and unknown state of existence. Death and the grave are solemn considerations. We know what we lose when we die, but we know not what we incur. It might be supposed that whatever connects itself with that appalling thought would participate more or less in those awful emotions which it is so calculated to inspire. Yet, on the contrary, there have been many who, in the very pangs of death, have had their joke, and others who have carried their merriment even beyond the grave. But the most

remarkable way in which whimsical notions are mingled with our departure from this life, is that of epitaphs, written sometimes by the persons themselves, though more commonly by the survivors. I have often thought that an authentic collection of these levities would constitute a singular feature in the history of the human mind. Some of these are epigrammatic, and contain a fine concentrated sarcasm, as that which the celebrated Piron wrote upon himself when he was expelled the French academy for his licentious ode à *Priape*.

C'y git Piron
Qui ne fut rien
Pas même Académicien.

Adam Smith in his Theory of Moral Sentiments relates an epitaph upon a man who had endeavoured to mend a tolerable constitution by taking physic, which contains a significant truth expressed with emphatic brevity.

"I was well : I wished to be better : here I am !"

I remember to have read some years ago, in an old magazine, published about 1750, an epitaph upon Sir Isaac Newton, consisting of the following couplet, which I then thought, and still think, the most concise and expressive of any that I ever saw. No name is put to it, and I suppose it was elicited, in a happy moment, from some obscure and unknown person :

Look on the grave, and on the skies, you'll find
The measure of his body and his mind.

In Macclesfield church there is the following inscription :

Here lyeth the body of Perkin a Legh,
That for King Richard the death did die,
Betrayed for righteousness ;
And the bones of Sir Peers his son ;
That with King Henry the fift did wonne in Paris.

That ingenious antiquary and traveller, the late Thomas Pennant, Esq. in his Second Tour in Scotland, has

preserved the following epitaph in Lancaster church, which he says "is so extravagant, that the living must laugh to read, and the deceased, was he capable, must blush to hear." It is on the grave-stone of Thomas Covell, who was six times mayor of the town, forty-eight years keeper of the castle, &c. &c. and died in 1639.

Cease, cease to mourn, all tears are vain and void,
He's fled, not dead—dissolved, not destroyed :
In heaven his soul doth rest, his body here ;
Sleeps in this dust, and his fame every where
Triumphs ; the town, the country, farther forth,
The land throughout proclaiming his noble worth.
Speak of a man so courteous,
So free, and every way magnanimous ;
That story, told at large here do you see,
Epitomis'd in brief ; Covell was he.

In the church-yard of St. Michael (Dumfries) there are several inscriptions in memory of the martyrs of the country during the bigotted reign of James II. and the violent persecution of the apostate Sharp. Among them are the following :

On John Grierson.

Underneath this stone doth lie,
Dust sacrificed to tyranny,
Yet precious in Immanuel's sight,
Since martyred for his kingly right ;
When he condemns these hellish drudges,
By suffrage, saints shall be their judges.

On James Kirke.

By bloody Bruce, and wretched Wright,
I lost my life in great despight ;
Shot dead without due time to try
And fit me for eternity :
A witness of prelatie rage
As ever was in any age.

Of those epitaphs whose quaintness constitutes their

only peculiarity, the following are examples. The exchange at Newcastle was built by one Robert Trollop, who is buried opposite to it in the church-yard of Gateshead. His statue pointing towards the exchange stood formerly over his grave with these lines under his feet:

Here lies Robert Trollop,
Who made yon stones roll up ;
When death took his soul up,
His body fill'd this hole up.

In Winchester House there is the following singular epitaph upon a Miss Barford:

Such grace the King of Kings bestow'd upon her,
That now she lies with him a maid of honor.

The reader will discover perhaps something remarkably pathetic in the following three lines to be found in Margate church-yard :

Physicians were in vain :
God knew best :
So here I rest.

An epitaph may sometimes comprise a piece of family history, ending with some moral admonition. *Ex. gr. :*

My grandmother was buried here,
My cousin Jane, and two uncles dear ;
My father perish'd with a mortification in his thighs,
My sister dropp'd down dead in the Minories :
But the reason why I am here interr'd, according to my
thinking,
Is owing to my good living and hard drinking ;
If therefore, good christians, you wish to live long,
Beware of drinking brandy, gin, or any thing strong.

A lady who lost a favourite lap dog, which accidentally fell into a privy, received the following equivocal epitaph for it, from one of her acquaintance :

"Here my poor Fido lies *interr'd*."

The following lines were written by Alexander Pen-

nicuick, upon the death of Margery Scot, who lived to a very great age, and died at Dunkeld, Jan. 6, 1728.

Stop, passenger, until my life you read,
 The living may get knowledge from the dead :
 Five times five years I liv'd a virgin life,
 Five times five years I liv'd a happy wife ;
 Ten times five years I liv'd a widow chaste,
 Now wearied of this mortal life I rest :
 Betwixt my cradle and my grave were seen,
 Eight mighty kings of Scotland and a queen ;
 Four times five years a commonwealth I saw ;
 Ten times the subjects rise against the law ;
 Thrice did I see old prelacy pull'd down,
 And thrice the cloak was humbled by the gown :
 An end of Stuart's race I saw ; nay more,
 I saw my country sold for English ore :
 Such desolations in my time have been ;
 I have an end of all perfection seen.

I cannot conclude this desultory chit-chat without transcribing for your perusal an epitaph which I myself copied from a *wooden* tomb-stone, (if you will permit the Iricism,) in the burial-place at Gibraltar. It is literally as follows :

"Sacred to the memory of Serjeant Donald Mac Intire, of the 42nd, or Royal Highlanders, who departed this life June 23d, 1798, aged 44 years. Thirty-four years he served in the regiment, 18 of which he was serjeant and director of the band.—

This board is dedicated to his memory by Lieut. Col. Wm. D—n, commanding this regiment.

Farewell, my friend, who touched the lyre,
 Farewell, adieu, good Mac Intire :
 As strangers pass, these lines peruse,
 (Of M^cIntire, lov'd by the muse,)
 Who left this life, and friends to mourn,
 And now lies mouldering in his urn :
 Lament his death, ye Highland ban ;
 Beneath this lies an honest man.

If this exquisite effusion was from the pen of the Lieutenant-Colonel, it is to be hoped he knew better how to use his sword.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

APIS.

P. S. I have just remembered an epitaph on a profligate fellow, and which, if I mistake not, Mr. Fox once quoted in the House of Commons, in reference to some political transaction.

Lie still if you're wise :

You are damn'd if you rise.

THE HUMOURS OF BARTHOLOMEW FAIR,
In a Letter from Peter Pry to his Cousin in Yorkshire.

MY DEAR BOB,

I PROPOSE, in this epistle, to give you some account of a scene which I lately visited for the first time. You must not suppose, however, that I was attracted thither from any vague curiosity ; no, my dear cousin, I was impelled by more exalted motives. You have read, no doubt, that Augustus used to intrigue with the senators' wives of Rome, not from any carnal propensities, but from stratagem ; he was a cunning dog, I can tell you : for he very wisely concluded, that, after a woman had given up her own *secret*, she would have no scruple in disclosing those of her husband. I am told, also, that some very great politicians of the present age divide their time between the public affairs of Europe, and the private affairs of their mistresses ; they quit the senate for the brothel ; and after an elaborate oration against the vices of rulers, they exemplify their precepts in the arms of a courtesan. In ordinary men these things would be very immoral, but in patriots they are delightfully consistent ; for he who sees nothing right in what others do,

cannot be expected to find any thing wrong in what he does himself.

Teniers, Mieris, and Ostade, the great masters of the Flemish school, were all fond of fairs, and often visited their motley scenes that they might transfer them to their canvas. Certainly, whoever loves nature must love a fair, for no where else can you find the artificial garb which society imposes so entirely doffed. It is, like death, a huge leveller of distinctions; and in this respect, it resembles also, the Saturnalia of the Romans. I know but one class of persons whose presence in a fair commands any respect, and who can pass through it entirely free from molestation. I mean chimney-sweepers. I saw three of those dingy gentlemen walk arm in arm, and so much at their ease, that not a soul intercepted their progress, or touched their persons. I question whether the sacred soul-case of the Regent (God forgive me for comparing his royal highness so ignobly!) would command so much awe and reverence.

As an Englishman, I love liberty, and liberty cannot subsist without a certain degree of equality; but the equality of Bartholomew fair is quite charming. What do you think of receiving a kick on the breech from the massy hoof of a coal-heaver, and when you turn round politely to acknowledge the receipt of it, to have the sweaty paw of a dust-man patting you on the cheek while he tells you you are a d—d good-natured fellow? This ceremony is no sooner over, than a brawny fish-wench catches you round the neck, and in her amorous efforts to ravish a kiss, smothers you with the fumes of gin and garlick. It is in vain that you turn aside your head with coy reluctance, unwilling to be pressed, for if you do, 'tis ten to one but you inhale the odoriferous effluvia which exhales from the posteriors of some ragged little urchin who is elevated upon his father's shoulders to see the shows. Suppose, however, you escape triumphantly from these accumulated perils, others await you at every

step. A Wapping landlady shoulders you perhaps, and drives you against a butcher's wife from Fleet-market; you annihilate one of her corns, or reduce her great toe to a pulp; "Curse you, you great gawkey, where are you coming?" "No where, ma'am; I am going." A gentle shove from her brings you into contact with a groupe of merry dancers, waggoners, bakers, sailors, thieves, and firemen, swinging round in a circle; the ponderous leg of some fellow, who wishes to astonish by his agility, salutes your shin-bone and nearly cracks it; you stoop down to rub the aching limb just as a fight begins behind you, and the receding crowd, who wish to make a ring for the combatants, pops you off your balance with your head, perhaps, between the legs of some Amazonian beauty from Tothill-fields, who, precipitated athwart your back, sets to and pummels your ribs for the trick you have so innocently and unluckily played her.

By this time you may consider yourself as having gone through about one half of the amusing vicissitudes of Bartholomew fair. Among those which belong to the other half, you may reckon a polt on the head from a swing, if you happen incautiously to measure your distance while you stand gaping at a fire-eater; receiving the contents of a fellow's stomach who has drank more than he can keep: sundry feeling appeals from the hands of damsels whose curiosity seems boundless; together with pathetic addresses from squab little ladies, who implore you not to push so hard. In short, mirth and freedom without restraint, bruises without apologies, impudence without shame, maids without virginity, and money without wit, are among the invariable attendants upon this annual Babel.

But as yet I have told thee only of its outward characteristics; its internal scenes are as curious and entertaining. You have heard, no doubt, that a certain noble lord accused our worthy Regent of setting the Thames on fire; an exploit which nothing but the imagination

of a poet could ever have ascribed to that extraordinary personage. But here you might have seen something almost as wonderful—a lady combing her head with a red-hot poker, washing her hands in boiling oil, and sipping molten lead as a substitute for lemonade. You need not flee at this account ; I saw this salamander in petticoats, and must confess that of all the sex I ever beheld she was certainly the least combustible. You may easily suppose that if a spark were to fall upon her, it would be impossible to set her in a flame, though she perhaps might burn the spark.

In another booth an elephant very sagaciously gave his imitations of human nature : for poking his snout through the bars of his cage to receive all that was to be got, he very quietly turned his rump to his benefactors when there was no more to give. I have often seen such a trick played both by great and little men.

If you went into a third you might find a juggler, who stared you in the face with the coolest assurance imaginable, while he was deluding your senses by his legerdemain: just as a minister tells a bankrupt nation that it is rioting in opulence, or a patriot lays one hand upon his heart to affirm his honor, and extends the other to receive a bribe. His tricks often had a wonderful resemblance to political juggling I thought. When he was cutting the cards in such a manner that the *knave* always appeared uppermost, it reminded me of the shuffling at the congress of Vienna, and when he transformed a large goose egg into a pancake, which he very deliberately eat, I immediately thought of Louis XVIII. and the allies. I do not mean to insinuate that any such allusions were intended ; but I am sure they were very obvious.

In another show might be seen a fellow playing with three lions in their den. He trusted himself to their generosity, and escaped unhurt. What confidence, and what magnanimity ! I hope, however, the keeper had no thoughts of typifying the conduct of Buonaparte, and

contrasting the behaviour of the said lions with that of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent.

I should extend this letter to an inordinate length were I to recount all the marvellous novelties, or amusing eccentricities of this place. For my own part, being laudably desirous of seeing and hearing every thing, I left no spot unexplored. I visited the sausage manufactories, the tippling-booths, and the ale-houses. In the latter I mingled with the various companies that were assembled together, with those who danced, and swigged porter, and with those who sung amid the inspiring fumes of gin and tobacco. The vocal confusion was indescribable. In one corner of the room sat a huge negro, with a countenance so hideous that the Grand Sultan might have chosen him for the keeper of his haram, who was delighting his audience with "*Tell me, tell me, what is love?*" In another, a half-fuddled sailor was groaning out "*The Storm,*" in a voice resembling the drone of a bagpipe, while a brandy-faced wench, whose reeling eyes leered upon a dustman by her side, screamed forth "*Would you this wirgin-heart forsake?*" All these several melodies were performing at one and the same time, with a chorus every now and then, of "*Waiter, some bakker—Bet, give us the pot—Gemmen, I'll give you a toast for a sentiment—Blood and thunder, mind where you tread—May every true-hearted lovier—Go it—Silence—hurrah! Wellington for ever!—Blucher for ever!—Wellington and Blucher!*"

I was so fascinated with the homely merriment of this scene that it was long before I could prevail upon myself to depart, and when I at last did retire, it was only because mirth was heightening into the fury of intoxication, and quart-pots flew in a variety of directions. I hope, my dear cousin, when next you come to London, you will let it be during Bartholomew fair, that you may have an opportunity of witnessing what I have here only faintly described. Remember me to Roger and Margery, and believe me your very loving kinsman,

Sept. 7th.

PETER PRY.

*To the venerable and Evangelical Members of the Society
for the Suppression of Vice.*

GENTLEMEN,

I IMPORE you in the name of a virgin modesty in its sixty-fifth year, to interpose your high official authority, and rescue me, and several of my maiden acquaintance from a spectacle of abomination and impurity, the bare recollection of which suffuses my cheek with blushes. You have extended your vigilance to the lascivious nudity of the black boy at the snuff-shop in Fish-street-hill, and by your watchful zeal, the odious print-shops of the metropolis have been reformed. I wish a similar reform were introduced into the shops of our statuaries, and that not a Hercules might be seen in them, without that modesty-piece which our good King caused to be placed on that huge, nasty fellow, who stands at the bottom of the Royal Academy stairs. But these are evils which purity may escape, by not walking in their course, or by turning the offended eye aside. What I have to complain of meets my sight morning, noon, and night. Oh, gentlemen, I live in Fetter-lane; And what of that? methinks I hear you exclaim. Alas! I not only live in Fetter-lane, but I live opposite the White Horse who has been newly painted, and —

I can no more—by shame, by rage suppress'd,

Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

If you wish to understand me, gentlemen, only take the trouble of walking down Fetter-lane, and look at that odious White Horse, and then judge what my sensations must be, and those of the venerable virgins who visit me, as often as we approach the window. I flatter myself this hint will suffice, and that you will issue an edict for altering the present appearance of the said White Horse, which terrifies and shocks me more than would the sight of all the white horses mentioned in the Revelations.

I remain, gentlemen,

Your afflicted suppliant,

Fetter-lane, Sept. 15th.

TABITHA RUNT.

POLITICAL EPITAPHS.—No. IV.

Beneath this heap of ruins,
Lie the mortal remains
of

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, Bart.
A man, who in his life time acted a
Conspicuous part
On the wide theatre of domestic politics.
His birth and fortune gave him influence:
A perverted judgment made him active.
Destin'd by nature, merely to form
the link

In the series of his family descent,
He might have earn'd the title of a good man :
But,

His ambition was to be a great one,
And in the attempt his reputation perish'd.
The applause, the passions, and the vices
of the vulgar

Were his motive, means, and end.
The shouts of a mob thrill'd his bosom with
Ecstasy :

Their passions with hope ; their excesses
with delight.

In the outset of his career, he became the tool
Of an apostate priest :

Under his pernicious tutelage
He acquir'd maxims which wisdom disavow'd,
And bowed his faculties in servitude
To a despicable faction.

If public discontent could be inflam'd,
If public rage could be exasperated,
If a minister could be render'd odious,
If national disaster could be aggravated,
If the acts of government could be perverted,
Or,

If existing institutions could be shaken,
He, who sleeps beneath, was ever foremost
In the ungracious enterprise.

Happily for his country those only thought with him

Who were unable to act like him.

His whole existence was a confutation

Of the poet's axiom, who sung

"Whatever is, is right;" he thought,

(Sublime persuasion of a feeble mind !)

"Whatever is, is wrong."

That hand which cannot build a hovel,

May yet destroy a temple; and he

Whose lawless touch would have subverted

The beauteous fabric of our laws,

When the task of ruin and confusion was complete,

In vain had strove to re-construct it.

But let impartial truth perform her office.

His heart was seldom wrong. He erred

From levity of mind.

The ardour which impell'd him to arraign,

Prompted him also to counsel and befriend.

Oppression in every shape he opposed :

He explored the depths of prisons, and

Proclaim'd their iniquitous abuses :

He visited the captive, and consol'd him :

He sought to mitigate the rigour of the law :

Of the injured, he was the prompt and willing

Advocate.

If he sometimes believ'd too credulously

The tale which cunning artifice had fram'd,

It was credulity so near to virtue,

That not to give it honour would be folly.

Public wrongs he made or fancied ;

Private ones he heard and succour'd.

Many were the benefits that flow'd

From his undaunted perseverance :

He stimulated inquiry : inquiry led to reform.

Such was his mingled character,

And,

Looking to his private worth alone,

It must ever be lamented that

He lived and died a demagogue.

Sacred to the memory
 of the most noble
 ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON,
 A warrior, a statesman, and a hero,
 Whose fame will survive with
 Undiminish'd glory,
 As long as virtue, patriotism, and honour,
 Hold their dominion upon earth.
 Many were the battles that he fought; in all,
 He conquer'd.

The wisdom of his plans was equall'd,
 Only by the vigour and brilliancy of their execution:
 Their results, the page of history has recorded.
 He never drew his sword but in a righteous cause;
 To give liberty, not to destroy it.
 Millions, absolv'd from chains of slavery,
 Look'd up and bless'd his name.

The virtues of the soldier and the man,
 Were so blended in him, that e'en the vanquish'd
 Venerated the hand which smote them,
 For when vanquished, they were his foes no longer.
 Terrible he was in war: but in peace belov'd;
 The greatest generals of the age were
 Vainly oppos'd to him:

He encounter'd and subdued them.
 Lastly, to crown his military glory,
 He conquer'd him who had conquer'd all beside,
 Napoleon Buonaparte. This mighty course he run,
 Ere time had scarcely measur'd half the space
 To mortal man allotted. Honours and rewards,
 All that a nation's gratitude could give,
 Or a king's munificence bestow,
 Were heap'd upon him. Foreign states,
 Partakers of the good he wrought, strove,
 In noble rivalry, to adorn such merit.

But latest times will proudly tell
 His greatest merit, and his greatest glory,
 Were, not that he conquer'd all, but
 That he conquer'd in a noble cause.

THE CHURCH SERVICE—THE CLERICAL CHARACTER—EXAMPLES.

SIR,

I AM sorry to perceive that your just and animated strictures on the clerical conduct and profession, and more especially that department of your valuable publication which, under the title of the *Pulpit*, commanded the respectful attention of many of your readers, should have been so long suspended. In proportion to the influence of the clergy on the temporal welfare and the eternal prospects of mankind, it becomes the duty of a champion of the public to scrutinize their morals, to estimate their scholastic pretensions, and above all, to correct and amend as far as that object can be accomplished by public criticism, those examples of negligence, imbecillity, and absurdity, which may alienate their congregations from their attachment to the church of England.

You have already animadverted in terms of indignant reprobation, on the careless and repulsive insipidity which is the general characteristic of an orthodox minister of the gospel, during his exposition of the doctrines and duties of christianity, but have slightly noticed the slovenly and unedifying rapidity with which the liturgy, the burial service, and the matrimonial ceremony are usually delivered. In one of the most important ceremonies of the church, the delinquency of the lower clergy is peculiar reprehensible. The rite of baptism is administered in a manner decidedly calculated to render its intention wholly ineffectual, and a visit to the church of St. Clement's Danes, in the capacity of sponsor to an humble friend, has left me no reason to be surprized that the criminality, the licentiousness, and the utter destitution of religious feeling, should be so prevalent among that class of society which is below the middle, but above the lowest. It is the evident design of this ceremony that every godfather and godmother by whom it is attended, shall be deeply impressed with the importance

of the responsibility they assume, and with the precedence of the infant to whom they solemnly pledge their protection, over all other individuals except their immediate relatives, in its claim to their future friendship and affection. If there be any truth in religion, and any meaning in its ceremonies, the sponsors are bound by a solemn and indestructible tie to perform the most important duties, and in proportion to the awful nature of the injunction should be the impressive and deliberate earnestness with which it is enforced.

At St. Clement's about six females, with their children, attended by their female friends, were placed in the christening pew, and behind them, in a retiring pew, the male friends and godfathers. Instead of receiving with due decorum each infant in its turn, addressing with solemnity and personally its parent and its sponsors, and thus enforcing the importance of the obligations into which they were about to enter, the officiating clergyman did not even attempt to ascertain or address the persons interested in the welfare of the child, but enquiring its name from the person who presented it, made the sign of the cross, gabbled over the blessing, the admonition, and the questions, without waiting for an answer, and then returned the infant to its nurse with as much coolness and indifference as the bookkeeper of the Swan with two Necks, marks and throws aside his parcel. I do not mean that any exclusive blame attaches to the gentleman at St. Clement's: he might have mumbled more distinctly, he might have affected an enthusiasm which he did not feel, and his surplice might have worn a hue more consistent with the spotless purity of the religion he professes; but he does not present a solitary instance of that apathy, indecorum, and imbecillity which degrade the church, and corrupt, while they disgust, its votaries.

It was, therefore, with considerable regret that the majority of your subscribers perceived that you had abandoned or suspended your original plan. The spirit of criticism and enquiry has been in all ages of the world

productive of the most essential benefits to the human race. In those countries where it has been freely allowed and properly exercised, it has not only been the means of preserving the inhabitants from a state of moral declension, but has largely contributed to their mental improvement. When nations have been groaning under the iron rod of political despotism, or ignominiously writhing in the manacles of superstition, the daring pen of criticism has exerted itself in the public cause, and by exposing the unauthorized injustice of the tyrant, and the mummery of the artful and selfish priest, has ultimately succeeded in liberating mankind from the yoke of the temporal despot, and the base artifices of the spiritual impostor.

The public actor, and the public artist, are the legitimate objects of criticism, and why should the ministers of religion be exonerated from enquiry respecting the zeal and ability with which they discharge the duties of their important profession? In proportion to the solemn and vital duties which they are selected to perform, should be the intensity of that scrutiny by which their pretensions are examined. It is not a matter of common interest, whether those who are entrusted with the *cure of souls*, are adequate to a task so intimately connected with the happiness of the world. Accordingly, we find that under the Jewish dispensation the vices and negligence of the priests were the frequent subject of animadversion to the prophets. Isaiah calls covetous ministers "*greedy dogs*," (ch. 56. v. 10, 11.) those who neglect the performance of their duty, he designates by the appellation of "*sleeping watchmen*," "*dumb dogs*," and "*dogs who lie down and refuse to bark*." In other parts of the Old Testament, we find the prophets reproving the remissness and inattention of the priests by calling them careless shepherds; shepherds who neglect their flocks, and the great Founder of christianity himself stigmatizes those who enter the ministry from motives of worldly gain, as mere hirelings, having nothing but their own temporal interests in view, and ready to desert their charge at the

first approach of the enemy of souls. These instances are sufficient to shew, that the misconduct and supineness of the clergy have, from the earliest periods, been considered, even by our Saviour himself, and by the inspired penmen, as proper objects of animadversion and censure; and when we consider the very great and important duties that they have to perform, and the weighty and eternal interests that depend on the faithful and zealous discharge of their functions, there cannot exist a doubt of their own willingness to correct their own errors and imperfections by the mirror of criticism. You cannot, it is true, Mr. Editor, pretend, like the ancient prophets, to a divine mission from heaven; but as Providence has gifted you with talents admirably calculated for the reprobation of vice and indolence, it is your duty to employ them in the best manner you are able, and it is my opinion that your talents cannot be more usefully executed than by a vigilant and constant inspection of the conduct and labours of that body of men, who are the guardians of religion, and to whom multitudes are continually looking up for direction and guidance in the paths of salvation. You have set your hand to a most important work, and I beseech you not to be diverted from your purpose. Your article on the pulpit will awe the licentious, arouse the slothful, and render ministers in general more attentive to the discharge of their duty. I would even recommend you to be more minute and particular in your observations on the ministers of religion, for it is painful to see those who call themselves the ambassadors of heaven, either disgracing the sacred profession which they have adopted by a slovenly neglect of their apparel, or addicting themselves while they declaim against the pomp and vanity of this wicked world, to all the silly and trifling propensities of the thoughtless and the gay. It is disgusting to behold a clergyman with his shirt collar sticking up to his ears, his hair *à la Brutus*, and with the exception of the colour of his clothes, consulting the prevailing fopperies of fashionable dress.

Such an observance of the customs of the world augurs a levity of mind ill suited to the seriousness of his calling, and earnestly I hope that such frivolities in the preachers of the gospel will never fail to call forth your warmest disapprobation. A christian minister should confirm the truth and sincerity of his precepts by the force of his own example. Can any thing be more worthy of moral animadversion than the fopperies displayed by Mr. H. the favorite preacher at a celebrated hospital: his diamond ring, his frosted chitterling, his ponderous gold seals, and his scented handkerchief, diffusing its fragrance to every corner of the chapel?

Happy had it been for the church of England had the conduct of her ministers been made sixty years ago the subject of public animadversion. She would at the present time have been flourishing and prosperous, and the glory of the Lord had not departed from her. But unhappily the shepherds of Israel have been allowed to sleep, while their flocks have fallen an easy prey to the watchful and rapacious enemy.

There is a race of parsons in this present world, decent, domestic, gossiping gentlemen of all ages, fond of politics and fire-sides, and shrewdly suspected of being as fond of punch as of polemics. I do not mean to speak with any unbecoming levity of gentlemen who do their best, encounter the difficulties attending the composition of a sermon on anniversaries and birth-days, and compile from Tillotson and Blair the required discourses. Every animal, if not absolutely mischievous, is useful in its line. Bishop Berkeley, in answer to a troublesome sceptic, who asks what is the use of a set of parsons who understand nothing and cultivate nothing but their acres? retorts the question and asks "what is the harm of having as many country squires in black coats as in any other colour?" These squires then are useful beings, and nothing impresses us with stronger feelings of a certain order than to see lusty and laborious men, forced away from the

lucrative amusement of breeding pigs, and fattening sheep for shews, to profitless prosing on inexplicable texts, and unintelligible commentary, generally entitled a sermon. But a peculiar day, a feast or a fast, a day in celebration of loyalty and licentiousness, a day on which something must be said or sung that is neither said or sung on any other day, comes with the most unhappy visitation on these industrious labourers in the vineyard. The books of other times, the sermons that made other men sleep in other ages, and seemed consigned to eternal sleep themselves, must be examined, and an endless toil of adding and diminishing, abridging and expanding, must be placed to the account of the ill-omened anniversary. But if books have forsaken him in his old age who scorned them in his youth, or if books will do nothing for his emergency; if *great* Dr. Barrow, and *good* Dr. Tillotson, and *sweet* Dr. Sherlock, be equally obdurate; if Blair be too public for plunder, and Secker too stupid to be worth plundering, what is this helpless man of piety to do, when the "intellectual famine is thus in the land?" Let those answer who have struggled with the emergency.

Yet the question is one of the deepest interest. The happiness of the people depends on their morality. No provision of the legislature, no purity of the laws, can make a vicious people free, secure, and happy. There must still be a restraint more constantly active than that of the laws, an impression on the public heart more intimate than that of external authority, and a general spirit of good will more extensive and protecting than any individual beneficence, however recommended by high example, or supported by powerful means. The grand support of public happiness is public principle, and the labours of those on whom the life of that principle is made to depend, become the subject of general and rational interest. It becomes the duty of every periodical writer to correct, as far as he is able, their frailties, errors, and neglect; to stimulate their industry, applaud their

virtues, and to point out, with the tenderness of respectful admonition, the necessity and the means of personal and professional improvement.

I am, Sir, your old correspondent, H.

A DISAPPOINTED FORTUNE-HUNTER.

SIR,

As I believe the narrative of my adventures since I entered upon the busy theatre of life, may not be wholly useless in deterring others from the same career of folly, I have resolved to communicate them to you in the hope that they will thus become public.

I am the youngest son of an Irish baronet, whose wealth, though it might have sufficed to rear a numerous family to humble and lucrative pursuits, was totally inadequate to the demands of ostentation and luxury. My father, in his youth, had the misfortune to receive a smile from a prime minister, which awoke in his bosom such boundless hopes of dignity and preferment, that he could never afterwards be content to cultivate his estate, as his ancestors had done, or to live among his tenantry in the character of a private gentleman. He confided the management of the former to a steward, and removed with his whole family to the metropolis, that he might be nearer the source of those honors and emoluments he so confidently anticipated.

The minister, whose fortuitous smile had thus bewildered my father's imagination, permitted him to bow at his levees, and sometimes indulged him with the honor of a casual observation; nay, he once condescended to solicit his interest at an election, a distinction which was received with enthusiasm, and which cost him several hundred pounds in bribing the electors. The individual whom the minister patronized, obtained his seat, and my father continued to bow as before. At length, in the tumult of political feuds, and when party feelings ran

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high, the minister resigned to avoid a dismissal, and my father suddenly awoke from a dream of seven years, with no augmentation of honors, with no official rank in the state, but with an alarming diminution of his patrimonial property. The mortification of disappointed hopes, which though gratuitously cherished, were no less enthusiastic than if warranted by more substantial prospects, the humiliating blow which his vanity endured, and the painful contemplation of future retrenchment to compensate for fruitless profusion, accelerated the ravages of a chronical distemper, and soon consigned him to his grave, leaving my eldest brother heir to an impoverished estate heavily encumbered.

When this event took place I was in my twentieth year. I had received a good education, and had I diligently employed the means placed at my disposal I might have made it a better one. The great deficiency which I now discovered was that no definite system had been pursued, no single or specific object selected, to which my studies were exclusively or principally directed; so that with a considerable portion of general knowledge, I was still disqualified for the pursuit of any particular profession. Some profession, however, or some mode of subsistence, I was compelled to adopt, for my brother very candidly avowed that the property which had descended to him was barely adequate for his own support, and that of two sisters, who could not be turned adrift upon the world.

A young man of twenty is seldom deficient in ardor. I knew nothing from experience, and my passions easily subdued my judgment, so that what I wished I very willingly believed. With the enthusiasm natural to youth, I fancied the path of life strewn with roses, and felt confident that any obstructions which envy, malice, or accident might interpose, would be lightly overcome. I found within my own bosom a generous sentiment towards all mankind, and imagined that what I felt for others, they would feel for me. Armed with this flatter-

ing delusion I one morning took an affectionate farewell of my brother, recommended my sisters to his protection, and set forth, like another Quixote, in search of adventures. I could not, however, abstain from a partial disclosure of my hopes, for I promised, with all the warmth of fraternal love, that when I had amassed a fortune, I would return and share it with my brother, pay off all the mortgages on the family estate, and portion my sisters in marriage, should I find them still in the condition of "maiden singleness."

The gay visions of future opulence floated before my fancy, and cheered me with their idle mockery, till I found my purse reduced to a single guinea, and then I discovered that I had not determined upon the particular destination which was to conduct me to so much affluence. This was certainly a perplexing oversight, and I began to doubt the wisdom of my plans. I had acted as improvidently as the Indian who cuts down the tree to get at the fruit: in my pursuit of wealth I had dissipated the means by which it was to be attained: I was about to embark upon an extensive voyage, to circumnavigate the ocean of life, and I had consumed the provisions even before the vessel left the port. Without money, or friends, how was I to obtain an introduction into society? and without an introduction to society how was I to avail myself of its resources?

All my ambitious hopes now subsided into despondency, and the horror of certain poverty succeeded to the phantom of imaginary riches. A man with a single guinea in his pocket, and ignorant how he is to put another there, generally finds himself in a happy vein for speculative morality. He sees at once the instability of human happiness, the fallacy of ambitious projects, the unequal distribution of the goods of fortune, the value of contentment, and the importance of exertion. He becomes also a practical philosopher. An empty purse is a talisman as potent as Circe's wand. Deception vanishes before its magical influence, and every man appears just

what he really is. The obsequious bow, the pliant insincerity, the ready smile, and the warm assurance, all disappear. No man tries to flatter, where he is certain not to gain. Ridicule has been called the test of truth. Poverty is the surer one, for he who urges that plea is certain to receive an undisguised answer. The hungry debtor, who implores compassion from his creditor, quickly ascertains whether his heart be really warmed with that divine sentiment, or whether he have used it merely as a cloak to entrap the unsuspecting.

I was sitting in a coffee-house full of meditations like these, so naturally inspired by my forlorn situation, when I saw a gentleman enter who took his seat exactly opposite to me. I observed that he looked at me with unusual earnestness for a stranger, and seemed to survey my whole person as if he had formerly known me, and was trying to recollect my name. At length he exclaimed to himself, "he will do," and then addressing me, he asked "if I was married?" This abrupt and singular question from one with whom I was wholly unacquainted, so disconcerted me, that, without reflecting upon what right he had to put it, I immediately answered, "No." "Then," said he, "I can make your fortune." "If you do that," I replied with a smile, "you will accomplish the very thing I am myself trying to perform, but know not how to begin." "Account yourself a lucky man," he rejoined, "that I chanced to meet with you: ten thousand a year is now at your command: but remember, I go snacks."

The whole was still a mystery which I could not penetrate; and yet, the bare suggestion of making a fortune so captivated my imagination, that I listened to it with willing credulity, notwithstanding the chimerical character which it assumed. There is no hope so slender, but despair will build upon it, and tottering as I was upon the very verge of destitution, it is not surprising I caught at any thing which might stop my descent. There was something in the whole transaction too, which

suiting admirably with my own notions, for I had set forth to find adventures, and this seemed just such a one as a romantic fancy would invent.

The stranger, whom I shall call Fulvius, invited me to sup with him at his house that evening, when he promised to disclose his plan. I accepted the invitation, and repaired thither at the appointed hour. Fulvius lived in one of the fashionable squares; his mansion was elegantly furnished, and a servant in rich livery ushered me into his presence. He was alone. A sumptuous supper was prepared, of which I partook, with a keen appetite. Every delicacy which money could purchase, was lavishly supplied. "Surely," said I to myself, "this man must have the fortune of a prince: why then can he wish to divide with me the opulence he has promised I should attain?"

When the cloth was removed, he addressed me in the following manner:

"You were, doubtless, surprized at the unceremonious manner in which I first accosted you, and that surprize must have been heightened by the nature of my communication. I have invited you to my house, that I might explain myself. You are young, well made, handsome in countenance, and with manners that bespeak the gentleman. Just such a man I was in search of. You are unmarried too: an additional, indeed, an essential, recommendation. You have your fortune to make, and I have a fortune which I can put into your hands: but you must consent to act entirely at my direction. I shall require nothing of you that is dishonourable. Repose implicit confidence in me, and your reward is certain. I suppose you would have no objection to marry a young, accomplished, and beautiful heiress, with a fortune of ten thousand a year."

"Certainly not," I replied.

"Well then, that is the office for which I have selected you, and that is the remuneration you may expect. She is the daughter of a dear friend of mine who died in the East Indies, where he accumulated vast wealth. I am

her guardian; and she is entitled to her fortune only upon condition of marrying with my consent. I have kept her secluded from the world, and maintained a profound secrecy, even to herself, upon the subject of her expectations. She imagines that she is wholly dependent upon me, and that her father was insolvent at his death. You must not undeceive her till after the marriage; and you must previously settle upon me an annuity of one thousand a year. Those are not very hard conditions. I could have found a husband for her long since; but I wished her to have one who, being an utter stranger to her family and connexions, would be without any temptation to disclose this part of the transaction. This is my plan. Now tell me frankly, whether you approve of it, and are willing to co-operate with me?"

I could not entirely approve of the project, for it was compounded of fraud and meanness, and I felt that I should be an instrument in the hands of a man who wished to enrich himself by withholding justice from another. But then I reflected that if I refused to concur in his views, another might be found who would not be so scrupulous, and thus I should debar myself from a positive good without protecting the lady from the meditated injury. Besides, I soothed my conscience by hoping that I should be able to dissuade Fulvius from his purposes, and induce him to make a disclosure to his ward which might dispose her to bestow, as a free gift, that which he now wished to obtain by collusion. Another argument occurred to me; I was poor: and riches were offered to me upon terms which many would accept without the same motives that I had. Wealth, I remembered, does not always flow through uncontaminated channels: and the means by which it is obtained may sometimes be atoned for by its application. I revelled in the imaginary luxury of doing good, and already listened, in fancy, to the congratulations of my brother, and the gratitude of my sisters.

These were the palliatives by which I strove to justify

an equivocal action, and I intimated my assent to Fulvius. He received it with delight: but the consequences of the affair I must reserve for another communication.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

CANDIDUS.

GLASGOW THEATRE.

SIR,

WISHING to employ your periodical work in the publication of a few facts and observations, connected with *Theatricals*, in the city of Glasgow, I send you the annexed paper.

On Saturday, the 2d instant, Miss O'Neill terminated her engagements in this place, having performed twelve nights, (she, at the end of the first engagement, was announced for a second, which commenced on the 28th ult.) With respect to the conduct of the manager, (Mr. Johnston) Miss O'Neill, and the audience, on the night of the 21st ult. I quote the following from the Glasgow Chronicle of the 22d, assuring you at the same time, that it is strictly correct.

"On Monday night, the Glasgow theatre was crowded before seven o'clock, to witness the performance of Miss O'Neill in the character of Belvidera, in Otway's *Venice Preserved*. On the raising of the curtain, ten minutes past seven, a cry of O. P. in consequence of Mr. Johnston raising the price of admittance from 30 to 50 per cent. was vociferated from a thousand bellowing tongues, and copies of the following bill were circulated: "O. P.—Johnston, in one week last season, during the engagement of Mr. Kean, cleared 2000l. It is presumed that the public of Glasgow will not submit to a repetition of the like imposition." The noise now became dreadful, and Priuli and Jaffier appeared in a situation extremely embarrassing. Mr. Putnam repeatedly beckoned, but in vain, to be heard, until Mr. Johnston appeared in the character of Pierre. To Mr. Johnston every contumelious expression was used; and his presence stimulated the audience to still further opposition. After having shewn a wish to be heard, a considerable time elapsed before silence could be obtained, when he spoke to the following purport:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, I am prepared

to show that Miss O'Neill's terms are specific. (*Great tumult.*) I have from my boyish days, received justice in Scotland, and will you not, on the present occasion, allow me to be heard? From the inhabitants of this city I have received many kindnesses. I can prove that Miss O'Neill's terms are specifically such as require an advance on the prices. (*Cries of 'they were not raised in Edinburgh.'*) She was deceived as to the size of the house. My conduct is not without precedent. It is nothing new. On Mrs. Siddons' first appearance, many of you will recollect the prices were raised. (*'False, false,' was cried from every corner of the house*), and when Madame Catalani was in Glasgow, the prices were likewise raised." Mr. Johnston then repeated, that Miss O'Neill's terms were specific, and said, that if an O. P. row was wished for, and if the Glasgow audience wanted to imitate the London folk, let a few respectable gentlemen be chosen, and to them he would submit the whole business—(*Cries of 'No, no,'*) Mr. Johnston here pointed an individual out, as crying no, and wanted him to speak, but this was declined. He again repeated his offer. He then said, that he knew "that a row was 'determined on.'" During the time Mr. Johnston addressed the house, he was often interrupted: and afterwards apologized for the warmth he had shown. The play was then proceeded in, and the noise gradually subsided, but scarcely a word in the first act was heard in the pit. The second was more audible, and the row had completely ceased at the commencement of the third act; excepting when the manager appeared, who was heartily greeted with cries of O. P. and hissing, during the whole of the evening, except in the two last scenes, Miss O'Neill's appearance (evidently rendered timid by the noise) acted like a spell to quell the oppositionists; and the nature of her character and manner of acting having a tendency to soothe the turbulent breast, the performance then proceeded without any farther material interruption."

During the two weeks Miss O'Neill performed in Glasgow, the houses were generally good, but not always crowded, and one or two nights the house was scarcely half full. Indeed, it may be wondered that the inhabitants honoured the theatre with any thing like notice when the following view is taken of the question:—

That to see Miss O'Neill the public had to pay prices which afforded the manager a very large sum for his share. She no

doubt, is a lady of great abilities, one whose powers in the feminine and pathetic are unequalled. The high rank, however, which this address holds among dramatic characters, is no excuse for the extravagant demands of Mr. Johnston. Did he conceive, that, because the people of Glasgow pay, during the time that he has only his ordinary company, 1s. 6d. for a low gallery seat, 3s. for a pit, or 4s. for a box, that they ought to pay, when he brings a good performer, an advance of 30 to 50 per cent. on their rates? The Glasgow public have a right to expect better usage from him; for they have borne with the services of a company which nothing but the expectation of enjoying a better could have induced them to accept. The performances of his ordinary company are such, that they nightly render him debtor; and how can he discharge this balance unless by now and then bringing a good actor? The conduct of Mr. Johnston will appear in a more striking light censurable when it is considered that the prices during Miss O'Neill's stay were not raised in Edinburgh. That house is one-fifth less (or rather, its size is such that it produces only four-fifths that ours does) than the Glasgow theatre, and, so far from having a super-abundance of funds, such was the state of Mr. Siddons's affairs at his death, occasioned by the expensive and continued plans which he had adopted for the amusement of the public, that his relation, Mr. Murray, solicited as a *boon* for his family, a small advance on the boxes. It is evident, therefore, that Miss O'Neill can be brought to Scotland, and engaged for a few nights in either Edinburgh or Glasgow, at the ordinary prices. Flowing houses are competent remuneration to the manager, although Mr. Johnston subjects the public of Glasgow to a rise of 30 to 50 per cent. on the prices of a theatre where above £250 have been drawn in one night at the usual prices. The mere paying the rates which are imposed by the manager, will be followed by a consequence hurtful, if not fatal, to theatrical amusements in Glasgow. It will serve as a pretext for the manager engaging inferior actors in his standing company. The ordeal of criticism can never be opposed to them, nor can complaints, however just, be made against any individual, or thing connected therewith, without the manager screening himself behind the specious argument—the public of Glasgow are not entitled to good performers; for they will not allow sufficient prices.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

North-Frederick-str. Glasgow, Sept. 9th.

JOHN GRAHAM.

We have given insertion to the preceding statement, with the greater alacrity, because it is accompanied with the assurance that "the press of Glasgow is too illiberal to allow its publicity." The pages of the *Scourge* will always be open to any appeal which a combination of power may endeavour to suppress. We entirely concur in the sentiments of those who opposed the pretensions of the manager, for though we advocated, in our last number, the general principle of an augmented price of admission to the metropolitan theatres from a sincere belief that this claim was just, we should be the first to resist an attempt to impose an occasional increase, because an actor or actress of superior merit happened to be engaged. It may be true, that you do not pay too much for the particular gratification; but it would also be true, that you pay infinitely too much for the ordinary course of dramatic entertainments. The production of novelties, like Miss O'Neill, or Mr. Kean, on a provincial stage, ought to be regarded as a sort of compensation for the level mediocrity of talent which is employed at other times. It is like all speculations, in which the average, rather than the specific benefit, is to be calculated upon both by the manager and the audience.—*Editor.*

POLITICAL REVIEW.

AMERICA.

AMIDST the encouraging and delightful prospects which have arisen from the general re-establishment of peace in Europe, it is painful to contemplate in the language and conduct of our transatlantic brethren, the indications of inveterate hatred and determined hostility. The sentiments expressed by the American prints, sanctioned by the patronage of the people, and consonant, we are afraid, with the feelings of the government, are of a nature decidedly inimical to the welfare and prosperity of Britain, and, if called into action, must be productive of immediate ruin to one of the belligerent nations, or of interminable war. More delusive evidence of the rancor-

ous malignity with which the prosperity and power of England are regarded by the Americans cannot be produced, than a pamphlet virtually sanctioned by the *imprimatur* of the President, and applauded by that doughty admirer of all which militates against English feelings, principles, and interests, William Cobbett.

If grossness of abuse, and falsehood of assertion, be the constituents of a virtuous eloquence, the praise of Mr. Cobbett is not undeserved. It is not our intention, however, to analyze in detail, a production so replete with mis-representation, scurrility, and injustice. A general retrospect of the origin and nature of the disputes between Britain and America, will impress the impartial reader with the force of resistless truth, and render the malignant, but feeble efforts, of the American incendiary futile and ridiculous. We have, on former occasions, expressed our opinion on the origin and progress of our recent contest with America. We confidently anticipated the triumph of the arms of England, and the humiliation of a people unused to war, yet always prone to unprovoked hostility. That our predictions were not verified has been a source of exultation to our literary enemies, and of regret to our most intimate correspondents. But it might not have disgraced the candour of the one, or the sagacity of the other, had they reflected on the unexpected contingencies which, in defiance of calculation and probability, entailed upon our armies, discomfiture and disgrace. The imbecillity of ministers, the fatuity of a general, and the deliberate folly of a council of war, will blast the most animating prospect, and disappoint the most reasonable expectations.

It is a conclusive proof of the hostile disposition of America, that in every period of the quarrel, she might have concluded an amicable arrangement, without any material sacrifice, even of the questionable maxims for which she contended. Never was the spirit of conciliation more conspicuous than in the conduct of the British government towards the United States. England had many

obvious reasons for endeavouring to avert the calamities of an American war. She was engaged in an arduous contest in Europe—she had the most numerous and formidable enemies to contend with—she had the interests of her commerce to maintain, which are in some degree dependent on a friendly connection with America, and she was reluctant to commence hostilities against a people connected with the parent nation in language, laws, and institutions. The temper of the American government was extremely different. It took all possible means to disturb the moderation, and provoke the anger of the British ministers, and displayed on all occasions the most unaccountable partiality to the despotism of France. It is a singular phenomenon that the only republic in the world should, at the greatest crisis of affairs, have combined with the most odious of tyrannies against a country which has always been recognized as an illustrious model of practical freedom, and which at this very moment was engaged in a mighty and arduous effort to vindicate the independence of surrounding nations.

In attempting to account for this singular phenomenon in politics, something must be allowed for the yet unextinguished animosity produced by our unfortunate colonial war. With the narrow prejudices of the American mob other causes combined to accelerate the rupture with England. The commercial system had been wisely exploded by the most enlightened of the European states before the French revolution. The enlarged views of the political philosophers, who cast a lustre round the close of the last century, triumphed over every obstacle which ignorance or prejudice could oppose, and England and France at length discovered that they possessed a mutual interest in the commercial prosperity of each other. The French revolution, however, deranged all the plans of these enlightened men. It engendered a rancour and animosity between the two nations more violent and pernicious than the ancient jealousies of the commercial system, and terminated at last in a despotism

which threw France and her dependencies far back in the scale of improvement. The commercial system was revived by the new French government with barbarous and destructive fury, the refined and generous principles which so many great men had contributed to establish were forgotten, and human improvement became a sacrifice to the rude genius of an overwhelming despotism. Even during the short interval of repose which succeeded the treaty of Amiens, the maxims of the new government were sufficiently indicated in the impolitic restraints and prohibitions by which commercial intercourse of the two countries was restricted. England did not indeed pretend that such measures afforded a legitimate ground of hostilities, since every nation is supreme within itself and has a right to determine whether it shall receive the commodities of foreign states. But if the commercial animosity of France could not have justified England in declaring war, it certainly presented her sufficient reasons for entertaining jealousy against a power thus hostile to her interests, and rendered it expedient to watch all the proceedings of that power with the most scrupulous vigilance.

The unrivalled commercial greatness of England, surpassing all that history records, and all that the most flattering visions of her statesmen had contemplated, was an object of bitter and unceasing mortification to the politicians of France, and her naval supremacy, which was founded on the prosperity of her commerce, filled their minds with jealousy and apprehension. These feelings rose to the highest pitch after the treaty of Amiens. Europe appeared to learn, for the first time, that the commercial grandeur of England, possessed a stability which had never been ascribed to this species of power. It had withstood the shock of the most extended and desolating warfare, and at the close of a contest of long duration, and unparalleled fury, in which the empire had sometimes contended with the combined energies of Europe, it not only remained untouched, but rose triumphant. The war had terminated in the establishment of a naval

power, which had gathered strength from all the efforts made to weaken it, and had now risen so high as to bid defiance to all rivalry. The rulers of France reflected on this result with a bitterness corresponding to the extent of their disappointment; they despaired of meeting this enormous power by any ordinary efforts, and in the violence of their malignity determined to enfeeble and to insult us, by the sacrifice of their own commerce and resources. They hoped that by excluding all the productions of British industry from their ports, and by prohibiting the use of British commodities, they might gradually undermine the foundations of our naval and commercial superiority. Their depraved policy at the same time sought to inculcate a belief among their subjects that such measures would promote the industry of France. In this manner was a system established directly hostile to all the views of modern science; a system which was in reality a barbarous extension of those ancient theories which so many enlightened men had endeavoured to banish from the world.

The measures thus adopted by France had a two-fold connection with the affairs of America. In the first place, the American statesmen entertained the same feelings with respect to the commercial and naval greatness of England with their friends in France. Their understandings were in general of the same character, and their temper quite as violent. Their minds were unsusceptible of generous emulation; envy was the only feeling which a contemplation of the greatness of England could excite in their breasts. They had no dread or jealousy of France, for she had lost her commerce, her colonies, and her ships, but they hated England as cordially as the government of France, and had America been as little dependent on commerce as France, had her citizens been as indifferent to its real interests, or had their rulers possessed the same despotic sway over their fortunes which the French government had assumed over those of its own subjects, Mr. Madison and his friends would at once have followed

the example of Buonaparte, by prohibiting all commercial intercourse with the British empire. But the Americans had not yet been wholly overawed by their rulers, and it became necessary therefore to pursue a course more indirect and insidious than that which had been adopted by Buonaparte in his dealings with a subjugated people.

The measures pursued by France in the execution of her anti-commercial system, suspended for a while the international law of Europe, and afforded to the rulers of America the pretext which they had so long desired for gratifying their animosity towards England. The counteractive system of the English ministers had been such as the interests of Britain demanded, and a state of hostilities fully justified, and they completely succeeded in the accomplishment of their object. The foreign commerce of France was annihilated, her industry checked, her resources wasted : and her ruler discovered when too late how gross were the errors which he had committed. It was impossible, however, to retract, and he resolved on prosecuting his commercial war to the utmost pitch of desperation. In this temper Napoleon issued his famous Berlin decree, which renewed the old prohibitory regulations, and ludicrously declared the British islands to be in a state of blockade at the very moment when the fleets of Great Britain actually blockaded all the ports of France and her dependencies. Neutral vessels, bound to or returning from a British port, were made liable to capture by this singular decree. Affairs remained for some time in this state ; the French ruler being unable to execute his decree, and the British government, adverse to the continuance or extension of so barbarous a warfare. But having again proved successful in his northern campaign, Buonaparte resumed with fresh vigour his prohibitory system ; confirmed all the provisions of the Berlin decree, excluded the merchandize of Great Britain and her colonies from the ports of France, and her dependencies, and accompanied these prohibitions with the severest penalties. Every article of British produce was searched for, seized, and committed to the flames. The violent system

had now reached its height ; and the British government could no longer in prudence, or in honor, delay the retaliation which its power enabled it to inflict. The famous orders in council were therefore issued ; all trade to France, or her dependencies, was prohibited ; all vessels of whatever nation, which ventured to engage in this trade, were made liable to seizure, and France with her dependencies was thus reduced to that state of blockade with which she had vainly threatened the British isles. The orders in council admitted but of one single exception to this general blockade of the French empire : the French decrees had declared all vessels liable to seizure which had touched at a British port : the orders in council, to counteract this provision, declared on the other hand that only such ships as were in that situation, should be permitted to sail for France. The question, therefore, at issue, on the comparative guilt or innocence of the belligerents in the commencement of the American war, depends upon the justice of these orders in council : their expedience will be a topic of future enquiry.

Nothing can be more obvious than the right of Great Britain to retaliate upon her enemies their own violence and injustice. The rule adopted during the war of 1756, forms the first link in that chain of commercial restrictions which, in the sequel, became so complicated, and the perfect equity of that rule has always appeared evident to the most enlightened minds. France, like the other European powers, who possessed distant colonies, endeavoured to secure for herself the monopoly of their markets, and during peace strictly prohibited all strangers from carrying on trade with them. But when she went to war with England, the superiority of her enemy's naval power compelled her to relax the vigour of her colonial policy, and she was willing that neutral vessels should bring home the produce of her American settlements. By the interference however of these neutrals, the English were evidently deprived of the advantages otherwise accruing from the extent of their naval power, of the chance

of captures, and the certainty of reducing the enemy's colonies without striking a single blow. But no neutral can, on any pretext, claim greater advantages *after* than she enjoyed *before* the war. She has a right to insist that her relative condition to the belligerents shall not be rendered worse by the hostilities in which she may engage, but she can have no right to demand that it should be improved. Yet the situation of America was actually improved at the expence of England, who was deprived of the chance of captures and conquests which her power might have secured, and was still more certainly improved to the great gain of France, whom the interference of neutrals protected against the power of her enemies. There can be no doubt then as to the equity of the rule of the war in 1756, that rule of which France and America, Cobbett and the Expositor, so bitterly and inconsistently complain. The order in council of January 1807, which was not issued till after the Berlin decree published by Buonaparte, was also justifiable on the very same principle. It went merely to exclude neutrals during war from a branch of the enemies' trade to which they had no access in time of peace. So far then the measures of the British government were perfectly consistent with the plainest principles of international law, and fatal to the arguments of the American advocate.

THEATRES.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.—This theatre opened on Monday, the 11th of September, with *Hamlet*, and *Love, Law, and Physic*. Mr. Young performed Hamlet; but we have so often had occasion to express our opinion of him in this character, that criticism now could only be superfluous repetition. A Mr. Bellamy made his first appearance in Polonius, and performed it in a manner which leaves no reason to believe that he will add much to the comic strength of the house. Neither his person, action, nor voice was suited to the part.

During the recess, this theatre has undergone many changes, all of which, we may safely pronounce improvements, and they

form a striking contrast with the niggardly and penurious pretensions of the faction who clamoured against increased prices. The exterior and the grand hall are lighted with gas, which produces a very brilliant effect. In the interior the decorations have been fresh burnished, a new drop-scene painted, which has a fine effect, and some alterations made in the saloon, and the approaches to the first circle of boxes. Taste, elegance, and convenience are equally conspicuous in the whole.

Wednesday, September 13.---*Macbeth*; *The Review*. Mr. C. Kemble made his first appearance this evening, after an absence of three years, in the arduous character of Macbeth. He was greeted on his entrance by unanimous and loud applause, and the benevolent disposition of the audience to welcome a deserved favourite, seemed to triumph over their judgment throughout the whole performance. We state with regret, but it is a statement which truth and impartiality enforce from us, that we have never seen *Macbeth* performed with less discrimination, with less success in embodying the conceptions of the poet. Of all Shakspeare's characters this, perhaps, is one which demands the varied resources of genius in the actor. If he delights at all, it must be by the felicitous delineation of those passions which are operating in the mind and heart of the tyrant, rather than upon the incidents of the drama. There are no scenes in *Macbeth* which, like many in *Hamlet*, *Lear*, or *Othello*, rouse the sympathy of the audience, and carry the performer along in that full tide of feeling which they excite; nor are there any situations in which the principal personage is placed that awaken the softer emotions of the bosom. Ambition, stimulating to crime, and remorse for the crime that is committed, are the only passions upon which the poet has built this fine tragedy, and to pourtray their workings, to shew where they operate singly, where they blend, or where they meet in conflicting opposition, becomes the province of the actor. He who aspires to perform this character in such a way as shall satisfy the lover of Shakspeare, must fill himself with all the conceptions of Shakspeare, trace his outline, and transfuse his colouring. He must trust only to himself, for he can derive little aid from any other source. There is scarcely a line he utters which, if rightly uttered, does not present a picture, and in its import, connect itself with the developement of the whole plot. From the first scene to the last, it is one unbroken chain from which not a single link can be dissevered. It is not

a character where single parts may be elaborately wrought, and in general effect heightened by throwing the rest into shade and distance. *Macbeth* stands prominently forth throughout; the spectator is interested alone in what he feels and does; and whether we follow him to the chamber of Duncan, to the midnight conference with the weird sisters, or the field of battle, his resolves and his fate are the single and exclusive objects of our curiosity, our solicitude, our terror, and our abhorrence.

The Atlas who can support such a world cannot always be found. Mr. C. Kemble certainly tottered beneath the burden. He sometimes failed in catching the poet's meaning, but more frequently in embodying it. The passions which agitated the tyrant seldom spoke through his countenance, or in his voice. The silent eloquence of the one, and the audible exposition of the other, were too often supplied by vehemence of gesture and distortion of face. When the conflict of his mind should have betrayed itself only by its visible effect on the features he resorted to gesticulation. In the dagger-scene, for example, the breathless horror of which depends so much upon the shrinking, subdued, and fearful action of the murderer, dreading lest his own footsteps should betray their course, he vociferated and stamped more like an orator haranguing an assembly than an assassin silently stealing to the slumbers of his victim; and when he returns from the chamber of the slaughtered monarch he used the same boisterous tone of ejaculation, instead of that deep, solemn, and tremulous accent in which a midnight murderer would tell his fatal deed. Remorse and horror, the agony of a guilty mind, tormented with its crimes, and dreading their consequences, would whisper the pangs it felt, as if it feared inanimate objects even might be conscious of the confession.

In all these minute touches which denote the hand for a superior artist, Mr. C. Kemble was unquestionably deficient. In the last act, where all is bustle and confusion, and where, with few exceptions, vehemence alone is required, he succeeded better; but the effect of the whole performance was spiritless and languid.

The other performers acquitted themselves respectably. Mrs. Renaud, in *Lady Macbeth*, was tasked infinitely beyond her strength. The almost supernatural energies of this character demand qualifications of a much higher nature than this lady possesses. Mr. Egerton, in *Macduff*, was remarkably true to the text of Shakspeare, for he "yell'd out his syllables of dolor," and "roared as gentle as any sucking-dove." We should have preferred to see him in *Banquo*, because then he would have been murdered in the third act.

In the after-piece, Mr. Tokely made his first appearance at this theatre in the character of Loony M'Walter; but he was not successful in imitating the Irish brogue. He more frequently exchanged it for a broad rustic dialect. Had it not been for his little plump face, we doubt whether he would have provoked a single smile. Emery, in *John Lump*, was, what he always is, excellent.

Friday, September 15.—*The Belle's Stratagem*,—*The Magpie*, or *The Maid*, the first time. This lively and amusing comedy of Mrs. Cowley's was performed for the purpose of introducing a Mrs. Dobbs, from the York theatre, in the character of Letitia Hardy. In person she is somewhat elegant, and her face approaches to prettiness. With regard to her acting, we cannot say much in commendation. She wants that vivacity and animation of manner without which the dialogue of a comedy must be languid. Her mode of speaking is too sententious and declamatory: her words do not come "trippingly from the tongue." She delivered herself in too solemn and oracular a tone. The gaiety and sprightliness of a woman of fashion seems beyond her attainment. Her motions were too measured, and her whole manner too matronly. The scene where Letitia assumes the idiot, was that which she played the best; and she sung the air, "There was a pretty maid," with a happy mixture of coarse, yet timid vulgarity. We should think her better adapted for sentimental comedy. Mr. Elliston played Dorcourt, in lieu of Mr. C. Kemble, who was indisposed; but he performed it with scarcely sufficient ease and vivacity. Miss Foote, in Lady Frances Touchwood, was chaste and impressive. The other characters were but indifferently sustained. Gentlemen, and men of fashion, were represented by Messrs. Jefferies, Hamerton, Claremont, and Treby!

The after-piece which, as the title imports, is founded upon the same story as the melo-drame at Drury-lane, has been got up with great splendour, and some of the scenes which differ from the other, we think improvements. The Jew Pedlar (Benjamin) is here made a character of importance, and was admirably performed by Farley. The magistrate, whose officious zeal, prompted by the basest motives, under the cloak of public justice, contributes so much to the perils in which poor Annette is placed, does not retire triumphant; but the ends of morality are still not answered, because he is punished and dismissed for a different offence. He should be disgraced for his lecherous iniquity, not for official peculation. Miss Booth played Annette, but totally failed in imparting to the character that touching simplicity of sorrow which Miss Kelly so beautifully portrays. Miss Booth was too artificial, and in some parts, too pantomimical. Such, however, is the inherent interest of the story, that we have little doubt it will have a prosperous course at both houses. It was announced for repetition amid loud acclamations of applause.

Monday, 18th. *Hamlet*.—*The Maid, or the Magpie*. Mr. C. Kemble, this evening attempted the character of Hamlet; and when we say he attempted it, we convey at once, a precise opinion of his performance. We shall be happy, after his career of greatness has been run, to see him in those parts where he used to give us such unmixed pleasure, and where, in our judgment, he has no rival. We mean Edgar, Falconbridge, Cassio, &c.

Friday, September 22d, *Artaxerxes*.—*The Magpie*.—*Animal Magnetism*.—A Miss Hughes made her first appearance this

evening, in the character of Mandane, and some curiosity was excited among the fashionable amateurs of music, to see how she would acquit herself on the stage, as she had hitherto confined her exertions solely to private and public concerts, with the exception, we believe, of one season in the Dublin theatre. Her whole deportment testified that she was familiar with the gaze of a public assembly. Her style of singing is too ambitious and ornamental, and would better suit the extravagance and affectation of an Italian stage, than the simple and expressive character of an English opera. Her whole merit consists in cadences, chromatics, bravuras; and these are so ostentatiously introduced, that the most accurate ear can scarcely detect the original air upon which they are lavished. She has not the art or power of blending them in harmonious concord with the air itself, like Braham, Miss Stevens, or Madame Catalani, but pours them forth in such exuberance that they alone are perceptible. This mode of singing may suit those factitious judgments which substitute mere rapidity of execution for the sympathy and sense, but it will never have very powerful attractions for the majority of an English audience. We remember when Miss Stephens made her first appearance in Mandane, she mingled so much of pathos and simplicity with her scientific touches, especially in the beautiful air "If o'er the cruel tyrant love," that she was encored in all her songs, while Miss Hughes received that distinction only once, in "The soldier tired of war's alarms," nor would that distinction have been conferred, had she not promptly obeyed a very partial call. We admit that Miss Hughes has a very powerful, a clear, and in the upper notes, an extensive voice: her lower notes are feeble and inarticulate; she has also considerable execution; but her servile adherence to this Italian school will, we are confident, preclude her from ever becoming popular in English operas. Her action is too vehement and exuberant; and she perpetually falls into a simpering, languishing smile, to which her features are so little adapted, that it gives an air of idiocy to her countenance. The other characters in the opera were well sustained, with the exception of Artabanus by Taylor, whose voice wants depth and volume to give due effect to that fine air, "Behold o'er Lethe's troubled strand." Mr. Sinclair played Arbaces, and executed "Water parted from the sea," with considerable taste; and Mr. Duruset, in Artaxerxes, sang "In infancy our hopes and fears" with simplicity and feeling.

Monday, Sept. 25th.—Richard III.—The Magpie.—A new candidate for histrionic fame, Mr. Edwards, made his first appearance this evening in the arduous character of Gloster, and performed it admirably, for we never before saw an audience so strongly affected—with laughter. This gentleman, to use the customary parlance, is, we understand, a glazier and house-painter, residing in some court near Fleet-market; but having long astonished his friends with the extent of his genius, upon the indulgent boards of a private theatre, he contrived, though God knows how, to obtain the use of Covent Garden stage for one night. We must, in common justice to the discernment

of the managers, believe that they never saw him rehearse, or they surely could not have suffered him to make his appearance. We never saw any attempt half so bad. It was a tissue of vulgarity, ignorance, and presumption unredeemed by even common mediocrity of talent. The displeasure of the audience soon manifested itself. It was impossible to see the whimsical shake of his head, the incessant blinking of his eyes, and the solitary poking of his right hand, without laughing. In the second act the noise became so turbulent that the play was suspended. Mr. Edwards addressed the audience, and asked if they would allow him to proceed with the character, which was answered by loud cries of No, no, and vociferous applause from his friends, who seemed numerous. He retired, and Mr. Fawcett came forward. There was a general call for Mr. Young to finish the character, but Mr. Fawcett said that was utterly impossible, for he was out of town, and seriously indisposed. It was then understood that Mr. C. Kemble was to be sent for. After a lapse of some minutes, however, Mr. Fawcett again came forward, suggested that Mr. Edwards had scarcely had a fair hearing, and hoped they would allow him to proceed. This was sullenly assented to; but whenever he appeared on the stage, all was uproar and confusion, some laughing, some coughing, some groaning, and some applauding. Many scenes were wholly inaudible; and in this manner the piece was suffered to go on to a conclusion. Whatever other deficiencies Mr. Edwards possessed, he certainly did not want for confidence. He faced the storm with matchless *equanimity*, which some may call fortitude or presence of mind, but which struck us as the overweening self-sufficiency of coarse presumption. When the contempt and indignation of the audience was at their highest, he would sometimes smile, as if conscious that they were the vain efforts of envy, jealousy, and malice, against superior merit. We hope the lesson of this evening will make him cling with renewed affection to his putty and brushes.

Wednesday, Sept. 27.—*School for Scandal*.—*The Maid and Magpie*.—This most witty, and in some of its sentiments, most profligate comedy, was performed for the purpose of introducing Mrs. Dobbs a second time to public notice, in the character of Lady Teazle, which she played in such a manner as decidedly to confirm our original opinion of her powers. She wants vivacity and animation, and that playful gaiety of manner which in such a character as Lady Teazle, is essentially requisite. The description of her country amusements, before she married Sir Peter Teazle, was languidly delivered. In Miss Farren's hands, it used to convulse the house with laughter. Mr. Barrymore played Joseph Surface. Mr. Young had been pertinaciously announced for the character, even up to the last moment, though it was publicly stated by Mr. Fawcett, on a preceding evening, that he was out of town, and labouring under a severe indisposition. Why was this delusion practised? When Mr. Barrymore came forward there were some cries of off, off; and calls for Mr. Young. We should not

have mentioned this circumstance only to applaud what we consider as the manly conduct of Mr. Barrymore. He addressed the audience; told them he had not expected such treatment; that he had been a servant of the public for three and thirty years, and during that time had never asked for a part nor refused one. He was appointed by the manager to play the character of Joseph Surface at a very short notice; but if they wished for any other performer he would respectfully retire. This appeal was received as it ought to be, with loud applause, and he was allowed to proceed. It is extremely unjust thus to persecute an actor who is only obeying the commands of the manager; and in truth, with all the conviction which we have of Mr. Young's talents, we do not know that he could have played Joseph Surface with much greater effect than it derived from Mr. Barrymore. Mr. C. Kemble represented the volatile and fascinating libertine Charles, but he did not happily portray the sprightliness and jollity of the character. Neither did he look airy or vivacious enough. Fawcett's Sir Peter Teazle was a fine piece of acting.

DRURY LANE.---This theatre opened on Saturday the 9th of September, with the comedy of *John Bull*, and the farce of the *Adopted Child*. No alterations appear to have been made during the recess, nor, as far as we could observe, had the decorative parts been retouched. The committee of management thought, perhaps, that as the public wanted liberality to remunerate exertions to please them, they would at least have the prudence not to dissipate their funds for the benefit of thankless participators. If this were the motive we applaud it. The sordid economy of a despicable faction should be met in its own spirit: and so far as it might be compatible with the interests of the theatre we should be glad if the performance were brought down to the level of those munificent patrons of the drama, who care not where ruin lights, so they may obtain their pleasures cheaply. Certainly no equitable accusation could be advanced against the managers, were they to adopt this principle, and to give only those entertainments which they could afford to give cheaply. But in this contest of pauperism, the general advantage would be compromised; and therefore we are rather led to the hope that an example of disinterestedness will be set which may ultimately disarm penurious selfishness.

With regard to the performances this evening, they were of a description that cannot be greatly praised. To say that Johnstone in *Dennis Brulgruddery*, and Dowton in *Job Thornberry*, were all that the most fastidious critic could require, is to tell what every reader can anticipate. But they monopolized all that was good. Mr. Wallack made his first appearance in *Shuffleton*, and for his sake, as well as our own, we hope it will be his last. The honourable Mr. Shuffleton is a modern man of fashion; not a London waiter, at a watering-place, endeavouring to conceal native vulgarity by assumed elegance, which was the sort of character that Mr. Wallack exhibited;

Shuffleton is one of those nameless things in furred collars and polished boots which straddle along Pall-mall, or loiter at a tavern window in St. James-street; but Mr. Wallack studied his model at Chalk Farm and White Conduit House. We trust he will not be permitted to repeat the part. Mr. Powell in *Peregrine*, was, as usual, cold and pompous. The character is indeed somewhat overstuffed with sentiment, which, when it does not flow naturally from the situation of the speaker, must always place an actor in an unfavourable position; but we have seen those who made the canting morality of *Peregrine* harmonize better with the scene than Mr. Powell. Oxberry's Dan was a feeble effort. Why does this performer always vibrate too and fro as if he were fuddled? Such an oscillation of the body may suit the decrepitude of age, or the simpering bashfulness of a clown; but in Mr. Oxberry it is a vicious habit of which he never divests himself. Mrs. Glover played Lady Caroline with tolerable success. Miss Boyce, in *Mary*, neither looked nor expressed the simplicity of the character.

In the after-piece Miss Kelly delighted us, as she always does, by her natural and unassuming manner. Mr. Bartlet in *Michael*, bordered a little upon burlesque.

Tuesday, September 12th---*The Hypocrite*---*The Magpie, or, the Maid of Palaiseau*. (1st time.) This comedy, altered from Cibber's *Nonjuror*, which itself was borrowed from the *Tartuffe* of Moliere, must always please in representation, so long as Cantwell finds such a representative as Dowton. The modern stage does not boast a piece of acting more exquisitely perfect; nor would it be easy to conceive any thing in theatrical effect more powerful, were we now living in times when the political objects of this drama could come into contemplation. Priestly sycophancy, sanctimonious treachery, and rampant lust, glowing beneath the mask of piety, were portrayed by this actor in a manner which no terms can describe, and of which no praise can be too great. In whatever Mr. Dowton performs, nature speaks through him: all grimace, contortion, and mimicry is discarded; we forget the actor and behold only the man. His friend, Cumberland, whose approbation was not always the offspring of sincerity or discrimination, very justly appreciated those talents, which a long experience has now confirmed.

Mr. Wallack played Colonel Lambert, but he failed in imparting to the character the genuine elegance of deportment and suavity of manuer which denote the gentleman of polished life. He was a stage-gentleman; a sort of being very distinct from the model it professes to copy. Miss Kelly made her first appearance in *Charlotte*, which she performed with playful vivacity.

The after-piece, which was performed for the first time, is founded upon the same incidents as the operatic farce which Mr. Arnold produced at the Lyceum. We have not had an opportunity of inspecting the French original, but we understand that this is a literal translation of it. It differs, in many respects from that which was performed at the Lyceum. It

has been prepared with great splendor of scenic decoration; and cast, in such a manner, as to comprise a great portion of the theatrical strength of the house. We cannot doubt of its attractions. We do not recollect any thing since the melo-drame of the *Blind Boy*, half so interesting in its serious scenes, or so amusing in its comic ones. The pathos of some part affected the audience as much as the deepest tragedy. The moral effect, however, which is a point seldom cared for by French authors, would be much improved if the iniquitous magistrate were punished. The scenery was beautiful, and the dresses extremely elegant. The overture, selected by Mr. T. Cooke, from Beethoven, we thought too heavy, and better adapted to an Oratorio. The melo-dramatic music by Piccini was skillfully suited to the action of the piece where it was introduced.

All the performers exerted themselves meritoriously, and none more than Miss Kelly. Her performance of Annette was justly applauded. Dowton, Knight, and Munden, deserved also to be mentioned with praise. An incidental ballet was introduced in the first act composed by Mr. Byrne, who executed a *pas deux* with Miss Smith. The flag dance had a very pretty effect. The success of the piece must have equalled the most sanguine expectations of the managers, for it was announced for repetition amidst shouts of unanimous applause.

Tuesday, September 14th.—*The Duenna*—*The Magpie*. Mr. T. Cooke, who is already known to the public as a singer from his performances at the Lyceum, made his first appearance this evening as Carlos in the *Duenna*. He has evidently formed himself upon the model of Braham, but without his science or brilliancy of execution. Were he to attempt less he would succeed better. His voice is powerful, though not very flexible. His articulation is often just and expressive. He was loudly encored in both the songs which belong to the character, and in one "Who would not love?" which he introduced, of his own composing. We certainly regard him as an accession to the vocal strength of this house, and have little doubt, that with diligence he will establish himself, if not in the first, yet in a very honourable rank as a vocal performer. Mrs. Dickons in Clara, sung the beautiful air "Adieu thou dreary pile," with great taste and animation. Her figure however did not exactly correspond with the graceful elegance of youth. Miss Poole sang prettily: and acted as she always does coldly and inanimately. Dowton in Isaac, Munden in Jerome, and Mrs. Sparks in the *Duenna*, were each deserving of high commendation. The beautiful melo-drame of *The Magpie* followed with increasing attraction.

Saturday the 16th.—*The Wonder, or a Woman keeps a Secret*. *The Magpie*. There are few comedies in our language which display a greater felicity of incident, or a more amusing perplexity of plot than this. The scenes are hurried forward with a rapidity which never suffers the attention to relax, and the dialogue is sustained with remarkable vivacity. It is painful however, to reflect, that though written by a female, it is

allied with such impurities of sentiment and such licentiousness of language as ought not to be tolerated on a modern stage. Why are those blemishes suffered to remain? They add nothing to the legitimate effect of the drama, nor have they even the recommendation (if it be one) of refined and insidious obscenity, for they consist of those obvious allusion and unequivocal repartees which, from the tap-room to the presence-chamber, have one common interjection. It is not easy to imagine why, when the task of expulsion was once commenced, any of these were suffered to remain, or what motives of preference could be felt where all was equally reprehensible. With regard to the performances this evening we cannot say much in their praise. We do not wish to insinuate invidious comparisons but when we remember how we have seen this comedy cast, Mr. Kemble in Felix, Miss Farren in Violante, Bannister in Lissardo, and Palmer in Colonel Britton, it is impossible not to feel the difference. Miss Pope too used to play Flora, but Miss Kelly left us nothing to regret. Mr. Harley from the Lyceum made his first appearance in the character of Lissardo, and if an unrivalled self-confidence could secure success, Mr. Harley might command it. He violently over-acted the part. That happy medium which, in all things, contributes excellence, neither transgressing, nor falling short of the true boundary which taste and good sense have laid down, is what very few comic actors succeed in attaining. Mr. Harley is certainly not one of the few. He exhibited no genuine humour, but in lieu of it, a forced and obtrusive gaiety which partook too much of grimace, and mere bodily agility. He has a perpetual trick of opening his mouth, when he means to be very facetious, which gives him the appearance of an idiot. Nods, shrugs, and winks, may be all very droll in their proper places, but they alone do not make a good comedian. Mr. Rae played Don Felix, the favourite character of Garrick, and that in which he took his leave of the stage. He certainly disappointed us, for he failed in imparting to the jealous Portuguese that fiery impatience, that suspicious vigilance, and that enthusiasm in love, which the pages of romance have ascribed to the inhabitants of those regions, and which Mrs. Centlivre assumed as characteristics on which to found all the interesting perplexity of her scenes. He was as dull and phlegmatic as a Dutch grocer, who counts his mistress in the same spirit that he eats and drinks, regarding both as among the inevitable transactions of human life.

me as you please. my body is
to the devil - I assure you I
ing to conceal



a d - d bad batch

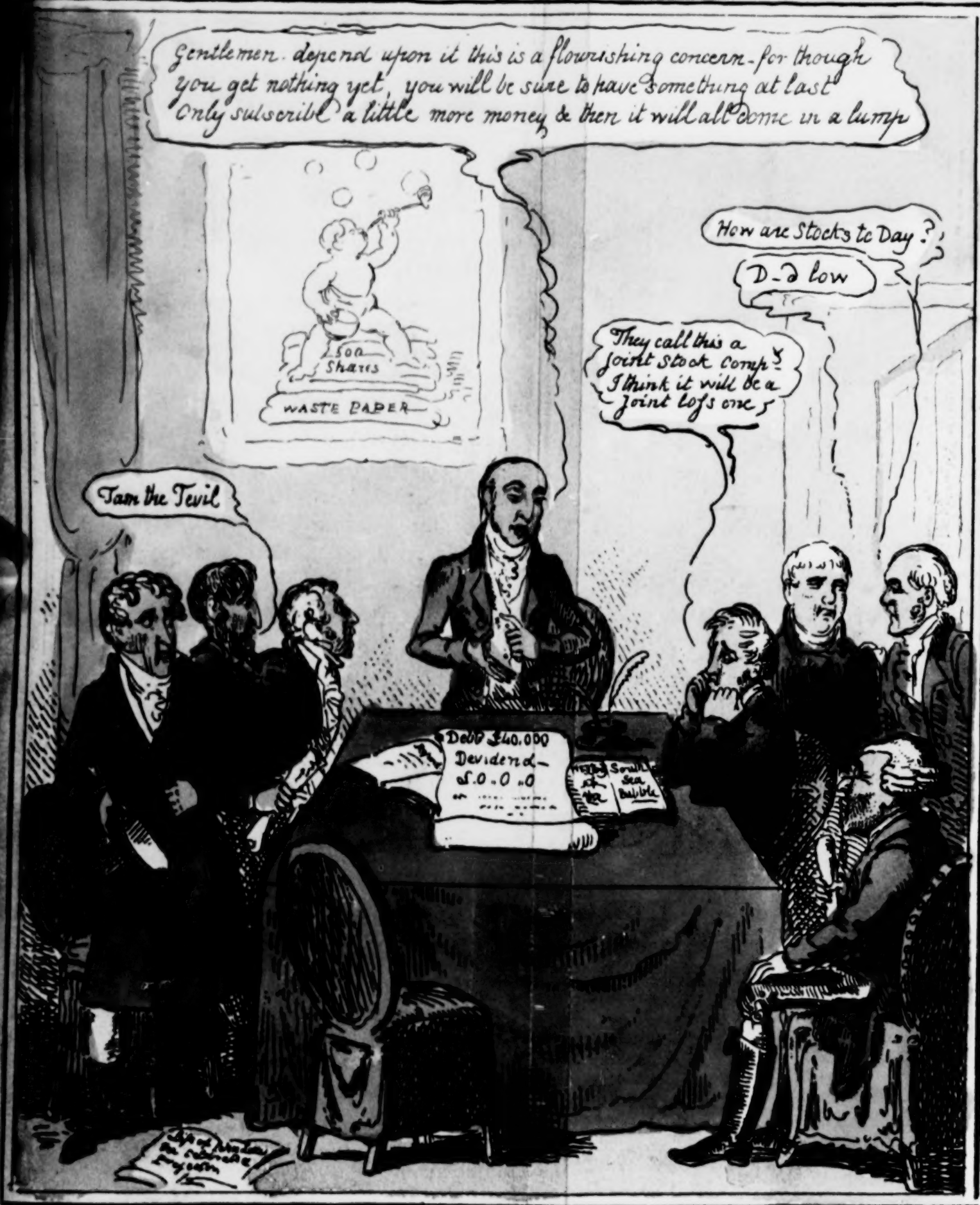


Just as my poor father wrote these words he expired
I know he meant to do something handsome for you &
as I wish to fulfil his intentions pray accept this mourning ring

I assure you I most deeply lament my uncle's death -
just at that moment. Oh that he had lived a minute
longer! What a d-d hurry he must have been in!



A Joint Stock company dividing their Losses



g. C. Smith del.

A Bankrupt settling with his Creditors



The Progress of Disappointment or